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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government has taken a somewhat severe fall in its encounter with the miners. It has picked itself up, rather bruised and obviously shaken, and we hope to see the effects of the tumble wear off speedily; for neither criticsasters, critics, nor creators have in their minds or on their tongues any feasible working alternative to this Government. A re-shuffle of the existing material is the only suggestion that serious people have perhaps half turned over in their minds; but the result of such a step—even supposing it to be practicable—could only invite discussion outside, and make a bad impression abroad. The Government must pull itself together and go forward hopefully again.

Mr. Lloyd George has been a great personal success in the matter. It is true he is responsible for the fatal clauses of the Munitions Act—the weapon which has broken in the Government's hand. Yet he has come out of the adventure with fresh kudos: that is the paradox of the situation. His speech to the miners' delegates was strong and effective; and he has handled the whole dangerous business with swift skill. The writer of this note recalls Mr. Lloyd George's first appearance in general politics as distinguished from purely Welsh politics. It was some twenty years ago on the all-night obstructive debates on Mr. Chaplin's Rural Rates Bill. Men may certainly "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves" to higher things, provided they begin to mount in time.

On 12 June, commenting on the Munitions Bill, the SATURDAY REVIEW remarked: "*Compulsion for munitions before compulsion for men is the wrong order. It is quite impracticable: very few people know what they mean by compulsion in the workshops first, and it cannot be done. That is the long and short of the matter.*"

This statement has been borne out speedily and completely by the total and humiliating break-

down of the whole compulsive machinery of the Munitions Act in the South Wales miners' strike. We do not glory in the fact that our prediction has thus been borne out: on the contrary, we wish we had been put in the wrong, for what has actually happened has grievously affected the prestige of the new National Government, we fear, and has made the Munitions Act, so far as its compulsive powers are concerned, a dead letter. Nor can we honestly pride ourselves on apparently alone being right about the unwisdom and thorough impracticability of trying to apply compulsion to industry, for the purpose of the war, before it is applied to military service. We cannot pride ourselves very much because, after all, this statement was simply one of common sense. But, really, it is an extraordinary thing that the same conclusion was not reached by a great number of politicians and papers. We fail utterly to understand how so clever a man as Mr. Lloyd George, for example, did not at once perceive that compulsion for industry before compulsion for military service could never work. And work it never will: the compelled labourer will argue: "Why should labour be subject to compulsion whilst military service is not?" Yet more than one statesman, five or six weeks ago, was proclaiming, in effect, that if compulsion must be applied, it must be applied to the industries, and not to the matter of military service! Is there some strange, sinister influence that bewitches people, even some of the most intelligent people, and some of the most trained politicians, in regard to this question of compulsion?

Virtually, the strike was settled on Tuesday. The terms given to the men include a rise of 10 per cent. on the standard offered by Mr. Runciman on 1 July. It provides that the agreement shall remain in force for six months after the end of the war, and grants the men a complete amnesty for the present dispute. When the men accepted these terms the strike was at an end. The employers had already, at the first intervention of the Government, placed themselves without reserve in the hands of the arbitrators.

The new terms must be regarded as an unqualified victory for the men. The most striking feature of the story is the astonishing normality of the whole affair. The whole thing was discussed as an ordinary strike under ordinary conditions. The men dispute with their employers. The Government intervenes and, after declaring the Munitions Act to be in force, offers terms to the men. These terms are refused, and the men go on strike. There are abortive meetings in London, after which three Ministers go down into Wales and negotiate a compromise. They offer better and, as it turns out, acceptable terms, and the strike is finished.

The Bill for the regulation of the price of coal sold at the pit-head passed through the House of Commons as an opportunist measure, regretted by some, but regarded by the majority of members as essential. This is no time for phrases concerning freedom of contract, and so forth. Each measure must be judged in accordance with its strict, practical merits. This particular Bill will help to disabuse the miners that their employers are making huge profits at the general expense. It will keep prices level and check the speculation of the dealers. The Government has here shown foresight in preparing, well in advance, to meet one of the most serious problems of the winter. Coal prices at the pit-head can be regulated because there is no imported coal to embarrass the position. The real difficulty is to ensure that the public, and not the merchants or middlemen, shall reap the advantages. Mr. Runciman tells us that the real object of the Bill will be secured by agreement with the dealers, who are ready to undertake not to advance their prices disproportionately.

Again the full weight of the German offensive is directed against our Russian Ally. Warsaw is ringed about with armies to the west, south and north; and we hear of German forces within five miles of the railway which connects Warsaw with South Russia. The German metal seems heaviest in the north, where the fortresses on the Narew are anvils for the most persistent hammering of the German artillery. The news which reaches us is brief, and leaves it mainly to the map to tell the story. But, significantly, there is a message from Petrograd that the public is "prepared for the worst". It may be necessary to withdraw the Russian armies from the fortresses guarding Warsaw. Russia already faces the possibility quietly and without dismay.

The story of our own retreat from Mons—a retreat in miniature compared with the retreat from Galicia—allows us to realise what the Russian armies have suffered in the last weeks. They have contested their long retreat mile by mile—turning at every opportunity upon the enemy, not for a day losing the heart or the will to resist. It is a grand story, which the Allies of Russia have followed with admiration and respect. The manhood of Russia has been tried in a losing battle, and at a grievous disadvantage, with the most powerful military machine ever set in motion. It fronts as firmly as ever the advancing armies of Germany. The Russian armies, after weeks of rearguard fights and continuous reverse, are unbroken in heart.

The retreat from Galicia has, at any rate, made one thing clear to the Allies of Russia. We can count upon her to the last in this struggle. Russia has met the worst of the German power without a sign of weakening or complaint. Reverse has steeled her endurance and heightened the spirit of her defence. The German armies cannot weary or dishearten this nation of crusaders. On the contrary, they have, at every advance, infected Russia with a more resolute stoicism and a stronger passion to endure. There are people who openly doubt of Russia's ability to stand so terrible a strain indefinitely. These critics have no conception of the spirit which nerves the Russian armies to-day. They are blind to what the Russian armies have suffered and achieved.

In the Western theatre the most striking news is from the Isonzo front, where the Italian campaign has now definitely matured. The Italian objective is the Carso range between Gorizia and Monfalcone. The Italian offensive is "vigorous all along the front", and is taking the Italian troops forward. Several lines of trenches have been taken and 2,000 prisoners made. The news this week by sea is also news of Italy. The cruiser "Giuseppe Garibaldi" has been sunk by an Austrian submarine, happily without loss of life.

The vote of credit for £150,000,000 for which Mr. Asquith asked the House on Tuesday is the minimum to which the Treasury dare trust for meeting all liabilities up to the end of September. This is the third war credit asked of the House, and it brings the total expenditure for the year up to well over a thousand millions. The tendency is for expenditure rapidly to increase. The £3,000,000 a day has already been exceeded, and it is not safe to reckon upon this as a sufficient allowance. The proportion of expenditure on the Services is clearly illustrated by the figures for the present year up to 7 July. Out of some £500,000,000 the expenditure on the Army and Navy has amounted to some £240,000,000; while another £40,000,000 odd is accounted for by allowances to Allies and Dominions.

The need for public economy is more generally realised now than when Lord Middleton wrote with great force on the subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW. The debate in the Lords, the appointment of a Committee of Economy, the debate on the credit vote this week, and, finally, the deputation to Mr. Asquith on Thursday—these have given the public an opportunity to appreciate the great importance of the subject. The deputation on Thursday to Mr. Asquith was an extremely strong one. It was introduced by Lord St. Aldwyn, and included among its members Lord Middleton, Mr. Harold Cox and Sir Frederick Banbury. Lord St. Aldwyn, in an extremely able and forcible speech, asked for public economy in the Civil Service and for private economy, enforced by taxation, and he was well supported by enterprising suggestions from Mr. Cox. Mr. Asquith frankly admits the inadequacy of the present taxation. The important points of his answer were at once seized by Lord St. Aldwyn. Mr. Asquith admits (1) the necessity for re-arranging the income-tax on a broader basis; (2) the practical advantages of discouraging excessive imports by imposing duties. He insists again that a checking of the consumption of imports is the only way to keep the nation solvent. Does the Government intend to leave this grave matter to the caprice of the individual or to deal with it by means of the Exchequer?

Has retrenchment on public buildings yet begun? We have some grave doubts on the subject. Wherever one turns to, men—among them more than a sprinkling of lusty young men in the full vigour of life—are to be seen still at work on building which can be put aside till the close of the war, on which we are spending £1,100,000,000 a year. Is it really necessary—to take a very small but we suspect typical instance—to complete, for example, the stonework of the gateway on the south side of the Chelsea Hospital Gardens? People can without any discomfort contrive to go in and out of that gateway for a year or two, or even longer, without the stonework and masonry being completed. Yet men are at work on it to-day. This may be resented by many people with large, generous views as to the spending of public money in war time as in peace time, but if we are not to save in little matters and not to save in big ones—such as our huge, costly, and not exceedingly successful system of public education—what are we to save on? As a fact little savings are by no means to be scoffed at if we can have them in abundance. Let us take care of the hundreds and thousands and the millions will take care of themselves.

Lord Cromer's latest plea for economy is of a piece with that which the SATURDAY REVIEW has made. He sees that economy and thrift are not English characteristics, and that they cannot be got merely by asking for them. Among every class in England thrift has ever been a very uncommon virtue. The English ideal has been always plenty, not economy. To counteract this ancient tradition of free-and-easy expense, England needs local schools of thrift, and advising proclamations, and medals and degrees for domestic servants, who at present look upon waste as a necessary privilege, and upon thrift as "cheese-paring" and "meanness". Nothing upsets an English household so much as a definite order to enforce care in the use of food and of other necessities. At once a rebellious temper spreads all through the house. At once the economist loses caste. All the colonising peoples in history, the Scotch excepted, have been thriftless; and the Scotch owe their strong "grip o' the gear" to their bleak country and to many centuries of struggle against short commons. Industrialism has lessened their thrift. Oatmeal is no longer so popular as it was when Dr. Johnson made his famous blunder.

The drink question is now being dealt with in earnest; and where are the fanatics and bursters who tried to rush the nation into a crazy scheme, first to make all alcoholic liquor—even such liquor as tipsy cake suggests—illegal by Act of Parliament, and secondly to turn every public house in the land into a sort of Parliamentary public house? They have not a single little word to say about the real practical and sane temperance work now going forward. It does not interest them, apparently, because the plan adopted is not sensational, because they cannot shout and enthuse over it, and accuse everyone who differs from them of being friends and supporters of "Bung" and "The Trade", etc. What an object lesson we have here!

It seems that the liquor question is no "draw" unless a kind of glorious "beano" can be worked up out of it; unless some such impudent fiction can be printed in huge black type as faced us in the London streets a few months ago—namely, "A Teetotal Cabinet". Because we disliked that campaign, and exposed it, we were held up to odium by some of the fanatics. One of them, it may be recalled, affably enquired whether we ourselves were devoted to drunkenness, and we received other pleasant little letters and messages of the kind. Some darkly suspected us of owning a few distilleries and breweries or public houses somewhere round the corner. However, these little spites and follies are no real matter. The great thing is that instead of the State plunging into a ruinous orgy of liquor legislation, it has got to work in a practical and, we hope, a drastic manner. It has scheduled the Newhaven district, and proposes shortly, so the "Times" states, to schedule various industrial districts in Scotland in a thorough manner. These quiet and practical regulations confine the hours of sale to four and a half each week-day and four on Sundays. Spirits may not be sold for consumption at home on Saturdays and Sundays. Credit at the public-houses and treating are forbidden. Moreover, the adulteration laws are carefully relaxed. We have now got down to the simple truth about the drink evil and to sane, proportional measures in dealing with it. This is a very important subject, and we hope to return to it presently; for people who are really in favour of temperance and liquor reform desire to know more about it.

We well understand that the question of cotton being suffered to pass into Germany is not the easy, obvious one which many straight-driving minds, impatient of delay, suppose. It is, on the contrary, a very delicate matter; and perhaps diplomacy has scarcely handled a more delicate or less simple one since the start of the war. But time, as Sir William Ramsay shows in the very striking communication from him

we print this week, is beginning to press hard; and it will have to be decided speedily now whether the enemy can be allowed to secure further large supplies of ammunition. In little more than a month's time from now, as Sir William Ramsay reminds us, this year's cotton crop will be on the market.

Mr. Bonar Law spoke in simple, moving words to the House on Wednesday of the Imperial achievements of our Colonies and Dominions. He especially dwelled on the fact that everywhere in the Crown Colonies the British administering or living in the provinces had at once and insistently pressed their services upon the authorities. Many had to be restrained from military activity or the provinces would have been stripped of their civil service. The spirit which prompted Clive to leave his desk is certainly not dead in the young servants of the Empire. Mr. Bonar Law felicitously referred again to the work of General Botha. It seems that the German Press has described his conquest of South-West Africa as the sole victory in the war upon the British side, and points out with satisfaction that it has been won, not by a British but by a Dutch General. As Mr. Bonar Law said to the House on Wednesday, every British subject will share that satisfaction of the German writer. We rejoice that this achievement should have been won for the Empire by a Dutch General leading and fighting on behalf of the British cause. Therein we see the fruits—fruits which promise so finely for the political future of our Empire—of a deep distinction between the British and German genius.

Answering in the House of Lords on Wednesday for the War Office, Lord Newton told Lord Devonport that up till now the number of married men in the Army is 843,000. The separation allowances—not including the allowances paid to dependants other than wives and children—at present amount to £25,000,000. As to "the obvious inconvenience of the present system", said Lord Newton, in answer to other criticisms, "it must be confessed the answer is perfectly simple and short. Under the voluntary system, in times of emergency we have to recruit men where, when, and how we can".

The trouble made in Parliament over the Grouse Bill would at any time have been ridiculous and petty. To-day it is not to be understood. The word "grouse" seems in some minds to be inextricably connected with feudal privileges and pleasures. These persons, perceiving that the Grouse Bill made it possible to shoot grouse earlier than usual this year, seem to have concluded that it was a measure aimed, somehow, at the public interest by landlords and preservers. Here was the preserver of game, in time of war, stealing a march on the people! If these obstructors had gone at all into the matter, they would have found that the Grouse Bill was intended in the interests of the grouse. Last year there was no shooting at all; and it is bad for the stock to be too thick upon the ground. The new Bill was intended to thin out the stock and prevent it from being impaired. The Bill was not designed to promote the pleasures of the rich.

Oxford loses in Raper one who was content to give richly of all he had quietly and continuously to his pupils. He was a born teacher because he was a master of "influence". His magnetism was due to an irresistible blend of humour and enthusiasm, of remote scholarship and homely interest in the sports and functions of college life. He was equally at home with beautiful things and "hefty" young men. His power depended little upon his precise political and religious views. He was one of the little set of University semi-Liberals who founded, at Oxford, the cult of Prince Leopold. Sir Robert Collins was another, and Goldwin Smith was their leader. They stood for a Victorian phase of thought, rather on the lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam". But Raper's views were the least important thing about him. He had a personality which transcended them.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE ORDEAL OF RUSSIA.

WE wonder if it has occurred to many to look lately into the pages of Bunyan. It is a book for times such as these. All the characters of his immortal parable have spoken to us through the Press and in political acts and orations. There have been many phases of opinion that represent his three sluggards, Simple and Sloth and Presumption. "Simple said, *I see no danger*; Sloth said, *Yet a little more sleep*; and Presumption said, *Every vat must stand upon its own bottom*. And so they lay down to sleep again", and the war went on its way.

Mr. Penitent and Mr. Contrite have appeared here and there, and many a Mr. Valiant-for-Truth has been summoned to the life beyond the moments of this world, and has carried with him marks and scars of his necessary battles. Then there is the great idealism that regards Germany as the new Apollyon, and the Allies and their cause as invincible Christians. France has welcomed a renaissance of religious faith; Russia has been exalted by her creed; and in our own country, as among our troops at the Front, there is more selfless prayer than the materialism of peace has ever inspired. War to spiritual nations is a dread pilgrimage to the holy mysteries of creeds and faiths.

Apollyon, meanwhile, is true to himself. He "speaks like a dragon", "throws darts as thick as hail", and inflicts so many wounds that Christian at times seems "almost quite spent". "Then says Apollyon, *I am sure of thee now*" [as after Mons]; "but, as God would have it, while Apollyon is fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reaches out his hand for his sword, and catches it, saying, *Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall I shall arise*; and with that gives him a deadly thrust, which makes him give back, as one that has received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving this, makes at him again, saying, *Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loves us*. And with that Apollyon spreads forth his dragon's wings and speeds him away, that Christian for a season sees him no more."

That this has been, and is, the faith of Russia there can be no doubt. A wondrous Christian chivalry has inspired her troops in the midst of hardships and privations perhaps unexampled in the history of war. Her winter campaign was worse even than that which the Franco-British armies encountered in their rain-filled trenches, partly because she had often to dig her way through deep snows, and partly because the deficient railway system over her enormous territories added day by day to the difficulties that hindered the distribution of supplies and men, and the succour of wounded ten thousands. Then, with the coming of spring, another trial, unimaginable to us, began to take from her, mile by mile, all that she had gained after a campaign of marvellous fortitude, lit up by the patient genius of a great strategist. It is always in retreat that an army shows the difference between courage and heroism. Courage "is a good soldier that will on"; it is the rising tide in war. Heroism, on the other hand, is indefatigable in defence against long odds and in cool retreats after disastrous blows. To hold a trench month by month is much more difficult than to make a series of brave and successful attacks aided by the momentum that victory gives to an army. More difficult still by far is an ordered retreat from a superior force inspired by the confidence of a big success. Such retreats are exceedingly uncommon in history. As a rule armies in retreat lose discipline and degenerate into rabbles. Privation and pain—more searching than any other tests of fortitude and endurance—become so unbearable that retreating soldiers usually clamour for a battle, no matter what the consequences may be. Grave retreats are to armies, in fact, what *angina pectoris* has ever been to individual men—supreme as a climax in physical and moral suffering.

Throughout the war Germany has counted much on the psychology of retreat. It has not occurred to her that rules are altered by circumstances, and that she is opposed by unusual armies everywhere—by armies whose faith in their cause lifts them on ample pinions into a militant loyalty to Justice and Freedom and Self-Denial. A French writer humbly and devoutly describes the retreat from Charleroi and Mons as "comprehensible only because it was necessary to the miracle of the Marne"; and who can overpraise the spiritual unity which during the past eight weeks has enabled the Czar's armies to move back from defeat with a cool and masterful resignation greatly feared by the Austrians and very perplexing to the Germans, who have been obliged to invest more men and more munitions than their general strategy can afford? In fact, the German corps, probably sixteen in number, have been split up in order to brace the slackened sinews of the Austrian forces; and not even the capture of Warsaw will either take from Russia her inspired fervour or enable the Austrians to rise above their historic character.

It follows, then, in a just inference, that while stricken Russia is recovering from her material losses in order to "make good" in a new campaign, Germany will be greatly handicapped by her Ally, as well as by her vast efforts and casualties. Should Germany withdraw many corps from her Eastern front, leaving the Austrians to hold Russia at bay in many important places, how can she expect to profit by her successes? Her troops have no respect for the Austrians, and the reconquest of Galicia, an Austrian province, has not amused them in any way. As for Warsaw, the third city of Russia, with three great strategic bridges over the Vistula, its loss would be a serious blow, but certainly neither its anticipation nor its realisation will justify a panic. Russia has already faced the near possibility quietly and without dismay.

Now efforts are being made in England to alarm the most tiresome section into which our public is divided. The "optimists" of yesterday, who passed away from the war into strikes or into gushing delusions, are trying now to do full justice to a violent cold fit, a sort of political rigor. Some of them say, unashamed, that Russia, after terrible experiences, will drift into Tolstoi's pacifism; but most of them get a thrill of fear from other hypothetical events. They do not suppose that Russia is at all likely to risk a decisive battle; but they do suppose that German troops will be sent back to the Western Front, a seasoned army at least a million strong, and that terrible things may happen. It has been written: "A decisive battle between armies, one of which is provided with limitless and the other with limited shells, can have only one result—defeat for the army whose supply is limited."

The answer to this electric talk is simple. Let Germany play her own game. Her lines on the Eastern Front have been greatly extended, her communications greatly lengthened; Austria remains her incalculable ally; and along the Western Front, in the opinion of unbiased judges, the defence of the Allies has no weakness at any point. It is as impregnable as science and brave men can make it. If Germany eases the strain on Russia, then Russia's Allies ought to be thankful; but in no circumstances will Russia swerve from her allegiance to a sacred cause.

To-day, for the first time in her history, she fights as a nation united in all her classes by an ideal that transcends and beautifies the common ambitions of daily life. Hitherto, in all her wars, there has been no political idea that claimed from all her subjects their religious fervour and their fireside patriotism. Even under Catherine the Great, when, as Voltaire urged, there was an excellent opportunity to recover Constantinople from the cruel fanaticism of the Moslem, Russia's people, only half awake, balked the enterprise of their ruler. To-day the religious Slavonic genius, dreamful, hesitant, but, as Napoleon said, gifted with an unparalleled heroism in defence, has discovered in a war of ennobling self-sacrifice an inten-

sification of her spiritual life, a trial essential in a national effort towards completer self-realisation. And this means that Russia has now linked her fortunes to the historic truth that the most religious among the great races of the world and the most religious among the divisions of those races—the Hebrews, the Romans, the Anglo-Saxo-Celts, the Saracens, the Osmanli, for example—have been the most militant and have pursued in war the loftiest political ends. There is nothing lofty in the aims of Germany. Apollyon is true to himself; and so is Christian.

We do not minimise the blows which Russia has received in the Shadow of Death. But we would not exaggerate them. To trust Russia and to mistrust the British egotism that defies Acts of Parliament is the best aid that stay-at-homes can give to the field armies. And we should like to draw attention to the fact that every weakness which our country has shown in her attitude to a thorough self-denial has drawn confidence from the protection given to us all by the Navy. No treasonable pamphlets would have been distributed by pro-Germans, and no strike of miners would have taken place if the people had had reason to be anxious about their personal safety. It was confidence in the Navy that deprived us of a sufficient Expeditionary Force; and the same confidence has aided Germany in many a later compromise and folly. Few evils are more dangerous than is an unthinking submission to a blessing and a boon. France, Italy, Russia, open to invasion, know that Apollyon is not a foe to be overcome by half-measures. Our country alone, while talking in superlatives about her aims, has endeavoured, month after month, to keep in war the prejudices and the privileges of peace. What would the Navy say if it passed judgment in a referendum on this vital matter?

Our Allies have learnt that in times of national crisis minutes should be treated as precious hours, and hours as precious days, and days as inestimable months. Here is the wisdom of tragedy—a wisdom which some of us have yet to learn.

THE STRIKE OF THE MINERS.

THE strike of the miners has made it clear that much of the loose talk we have lately heard concerning the compulsion of labour was very far indeed from the point. It should have been obvious from the first—it was very clearly stated in this REVIEW on 12 June—that the compulsion of labour must needs remain a phrase, a phrase incomprehensible, conveying no clear, practical meaning to anyone so long as there was no declared and simple obligation imposed on the young men of the nation to serve in the usual military capacity. We have never been able to understand how labour could be regimented unless, and until, the nation was regimented. It is not practicable to treat miners and mechanics as servants of the State under a national discipline when there is no national discipline as national discipline is understood by all the countries which to-day are organised for war. It is impossible to feel any sympathy with those who during the last week have talked sternly of compelling the miners, of refusing to treat with them as the Government treated with them, and of exacting enormous penalties. These critics of the Government do not seem to have thought at all of the problem with which the Government was faced. Is it suggested that the miners could be driven into the mines at the point of the bayonet? Is it suggested that the Government should have arrested 200,000 men and distrained upon their goods for the daily fine which, legally, they were incurring? Have these critics considered what is implied in their call for military measures and military law?

The plain truth is that the country is not at present being run upon the principle of duty or obligation, but upon the principle that every person is free to choose for himself whether he will serve the State or whether he will serve himself. It has not yet been publicly declared a duty to serve. The

Government had no logical basis or fulcrum on which to rely in dealing with the strike. It is not possible to approach compulsion, crab-like, from the wrong direction. How were we to address these miners, who had decided to work only upon their own conditions? If we had told them that it was their duty to serve the country upon the country's terms, they at once might have retorted that the country, in all that most closely concerned the war, was relying still on the voluntary principle. The doctrine at present accepted by the authorities is that the war can be fought according to a system of free-will and persuasion. Why should it be the miners' duty to accept the country's terms for serving in the mines when the most elementary duty of all is a matter of private choice and discretion? No one is required by law to serve in the field. Why, then, should the law require a man to serve in the mines? Mr. Lloyd George's mission to Cardiff of reproach and exhortation is strictly analogous to recruiting by the military band and poster. The one is involved with the other. If we elect to persuade our armies into the field, we must be content to persuade our miners into the mines and our workers into the workshops. The compulsion of labour is not possible when the whole principle of compulsion is denied. Martial law can only be logically applied to a nation under arms where the obligation of military service is admitted. This is not merely the verbal logic of the position. It is its essence. Discipline can be applied and required of an army. It cannot be enforced upon private citizens without the risk of rebellion and revolution.

We have never regarded the Munitions Act as a measure of compulsion, for we have never understood under what sanction its penalties could be enforced. We have looked upon the Munitions Act as a compromise whereby the Government hoped to be able to deal with all disputes between masters and men by an exercise of its prestige, and by bringing home to the disputants the gravity of anything which impaired the industrial efficiency of the country. The Munitions Act was a second-best measure, an experiment, an accommodation between the needs of the country and the voluntary principle. Those who read into it forced labour, and dictatorships, and all kinds of drastic and regimental intentions are naturally surprised to find that, in practice, it involves none of these things; and they loudly exclaim that the Munitions Act has failed. It has failed only to the extent that every measure must fail which stops short of the principle of obligation. The Government did its best with the instrument it had. If the country feels that the instrument was inadequate, if there is anything which strikes the country as incongruous in the wilful cessation of a vital industry in the twelfth month of the war, if the country desires to see nothing like it in the future, let the country at least understand what is at the root of the evil. It is beating the air to abuse the Government or the miners. The thing to do is to call for a simple declaration that it is the obligation of all such fit and eligible men as are required to serve their country in arms.

No vast and complicated mobilising of the nation is needed. It is the primary duty of service in its simplest form which needs to be stated. Everything else would follow naturally from that. If, for example, the obligation of military service were imposed upon the suitable men between the ages of nineteen and thirty-eight, the munitions difficulty and the labour difficulty could hardly arise. The war would have become too definite, real, and close a thing. Mobilised or unmobilised, the workers would naturally regard themselves as in line with the soldiers. They would perceive that obedience for one man and caprice for another were incompatible. At present, no one, unless he chooses, is under orders. In the case of national service the mobilisation of however small a proportion for duty in the field must imply a new sense of discipline and responsibility in the rest. If, by chance, trouble did happen to arise of the kind with which we have just been faced in South Wales, the powers of the Government in dealing with it would be

irresistible. France, in time of peace, quashed a strike embittered with sabotage upon the national railways by calling up the strikers to serve as soldiers pending the settlement of their grievances. If the inception of such a strike were possible in a mobilised nation in time of war, it could not continue for a day.

It is necessary to go rather at length into this matter of national service and of the secondary effects upon the nation of its presence or absence if we are to be at all fair to the Government in its late encounter with the strikers of South Wales. What, briefly, was the course which the Government chose to take? It at once applied the only weapon it had in hand—the Munitions Act. The miners were put under the Act—a Munitions Court was set up in South Wales; and, legally, the recalcitrant miners were at once confronted with the State. In strict law they were incurring all the penalties of the Act so long as the strike lasted. Penalties which were only really of use as a deterrent were actually being incurred by delinquents who had not allowed themselves to be deterred. The Munitions Act was designed to *prevent* strikes. Without the physical coercion of a whole industry one cannot see how, by its unassisted operation, it could end a strike which had once begun. As soon as the Act was defied it virtually lost all its practical efficacy so far as striking was concerned. Nothing remained, under the voluntary system by which the Government works, but to bargain with the miners, to persuade them urgently, and to release them from the penalties which they had incurred under the Act. The return of the miners must be regarded as a triumph of Mr. Lloyd George—at the expense of his own Act! It was the Minister of Munitions who ended the strike—after the Munitions Act had been applied without result!

As to the rank and file of the miners themselves, it is clear that, first to last, they had not the least understanding of their position. All the usual machinery of consultation and negotiation was employed to bring the men to terms. They treated the strike, first to last, as the usual affair between capital and labour; and the Government consented so to approach it. The miners regarded their strike as an affair between themselves and their employers. They did not realise their outlawry or regard themselves as in conflict with the State. How should they understand an Act which has been so generally misread? A simple measure of national service they could understand easily enough and apply to their own particular case. The Munitions Act conveys nothing definite to their minds. They do not yet realise that their labour belongs to the nation. They regard it as a matter for private treaty between themselves and their masters. It has never been plainly stated that a man's life and labour belong to his country when his country is fighting for its existence. How, then, can we censure or loudly exclaim concerning their conduct? They act in strict accordance with the principle on which we are still fighting the war. If their conduct has amazed our Allies and left a feeling of shame in a large proportion of the public, we must not forget that the country as a whole is responsible for the false doctrine from which this conduct inevitably proceeds. We cannot get much farther in the direction of bringing home the meaning and gravity of the war to the people without declaring outright and by law that the first and last obligation of the public is to see the nation and its Allies through to victory.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

ACCORDING to current opinion Might is the foe of Right, but current opinion usually has the convictions of a gramophone: it repeats—it does not think. To define Might and Right in statesmanship is exceedingly difficult; and to suppose that they are always at odds with each other is childish, because Might hurries to the defence of Right after nations have hunted the horizon overmuch, by mistaking sentimental ideas for necessary principles. If we look upon Right

as the citizen of statesmanship, and upon Might as the trained soldier, then their interdependence becomes as clear as the sun at noonday. The citizen, whose social life should be clothed with truth and duty and equity, needs protection both from his own mistakes and from evils outside his efforts and volition. In every crisis, either directly or indirectly, his lot depends on the soldier's loyalty to the State; and history and experience prove that the soldier's attitude towards the State is generally far more alert in self-sacrifice than that of the citizen. In other words, Right in politics comes from the governing mood of lay opinion, and it is coloured by whimsies and sentiments and material prejudices; whereas Might in national affairs means a disciplined guardianship which trains men to be willing to die in defence of their native land. And to these facts we must add three invaluable lessons taught by the present war:

1. That a dreadful crime against the common weal is committed whenever a State is left without adequate protection;

2. That the difference between good and evil in the use of Might is the difference between defence and aggression in careful statesmanship; and

3. That nations, when their rival ideals and self-interests come to a decisive grapple, are unimpressed by the horrors of scientific war, and fight as if inspired by unseen agencies. If war could end war, then Italy would not have quitted the harbour of her neutral judgment after watching for ten months the fierce midwifery of self-sacrifice on to-day's battlefields.

Unless these lessons are taken to heart by our wayward electorate the slow renaissance produced by the war will be one of brief seasons. Since August last much trash has been written about "Might as the inveterate enemy of Right." It is no such thing, because false ideas are the inveterate enemies that Right has to encounter. One set of false ideas massacred Belgium, and for twelve months it has held in check the Allied Armies, because other false ideas caused France and the British Isles to delay their defensive preparations. To be underarmed in the struggle for life is to run the risk of being foredoomed; it compels men to gravitate towards bankruptcy and nations towards a break-up in war. Might is never wrong when it is a wise agent of necessary defence; and it is always wrong when it plots and plans harm, whether in statesmanship or in business.

A trust that corners meat or flour or coal belongs to the German school of Might; so does a vast limited company that devours all independent little trades in its neighbourhood. No one supposes that shareholders and their boards are ungreedy in their financial zeal, yet custom regards their Might as Right. Profit covers a multitude of sins. Until the State interfered with stern inquisitive laws half-naked Englishwomen pulled little trucks of coal along the narrow roads underground, and tiny children in factories toiled their health into profits. Under Free Trade the Might of towns, a corporate zeal that grows with the street-bred population, has forgotten the rights of English agriculture, though thriving towns and prosperous farms are equally essential to a nation's common weal. Yes, and Cobdenism, while talking always about peace, has put the national safety ever more and more under the protection of battleships. Daily bread to us means command of the seas.

This fact being at standing odds with the creed of pacifism, the most zealous devotees of peace have wobbled incessantly between supergoodness and unintelligent thrift. Illusionists by birth, they have hated the Navy and have cheated their minds with dreams. It has seemed to them that rival nations in their vast self-interests ought to be unlike their home politics, where strife has played the fool from morning until afternoon, and from year's end to year's end. That the ideal of peace should begin its healing work at home is a humdrum truth that pacifists have declined to see. Their forlorn hope was to teach predatory German plots and pacific British plans to live

together as friends in daily competitions. Hawks and their quarry were to be chums in the same woodland.

Historians will find it very difficult to decide whether the frank brutality of German warcraft was more dangerous to Europe from about 1848 to 1915 than the cant mingled with apathy that Great Britain idolised in her desire to be prosperous and easy-going. Germany advertised her conviction that Might in statesmanship had three co-ordinated provinces: first, military aggression carefully plotted and planned; next, industrial aggression aided by defensive tariffs and by offensive subsidies and dumpings and financial invasions; third, treachery in diplomatic foresight aided by innumerable spies and by a system of elaborate lies. Her bullying candour has been accompanied by a thousand mysteries. We know not what her population is in number, for example. We know only what she says it is, and hence her reserve of military strength is known to herself alone. From the first she has believed that her ravenous Might in warcraft, after devouring Schleswig-Holstein, and betraying Austria, and capturing Alsace-Lorraine, was favoured by Providence and would find its ultimate triumph in a Germanised Europe.

Yet her parade of wrongful Might was not counter-checked by a rival statesmanship nerved with enough armed strength. As the honour of a public school demands the suppression of a bully, so the liberties of Europe demanded the suppression of foraying plots and plans emanating from Germany. But this evident Right, unless accompanied by enormous Might, was a dove in diplomacy. It could do no more than bill and coo over its pet ideals. And England spoke with horror of "conscription" and chattered eloquently about peace, forgetting that her own Empire, a collection of conquests, was gathered together by a genius of haphazard far off from the creed of pacifism. After using the sword in her own aggrandisement was it wise of her to talk to her foe about the blessings of peace, as if she wished to invite the charge of hypocrisy? Her wish was to enjoy in tranquillity her great possessions; and when she told the world that "peace, the lullaby word for decay", was an inestimable boon the greed of Germany hungered confidently.

Let us hope that this mood of flaccid cant has departed from our national life for ever. The useful and necessary things in the politics of an empire ought to be clear enough now even to illusionists: they are adequate defence, vigilant self-respect, and quiet self-control. These qualities alone will prevent the crankiness of our national character from repeating its old follies; from attempting to rediscover safety, not in disciplined youth trained to protect Right with Might, but in middle-aged and mealy-mouthed prattle. By rare good fortune we have at last a National Government who must pass from gadabout compromise and dim unfocused vision into a genuine patriotism, clear-eyed and virile and imaginative, like Nelson's and Chatham's. The British Isles of unreadiness are to become loyal friends to a rightful Might, to a rightful Right. Even their strikes are not to bring civil war into the Great War; at last good sense and foresight will govern our virile striking classes, at least we all hope so. Certainly men at the Front have waited more than long enough for many changes in their pensioners, the undisciplined civilian troops of stay-at-homes. During ten months they have looked upon us as wayward creatures. Thousands have died with their home-going thoughts humbled by newspaper reports of our fussy disunion. And no one has been punished at home for inept administration. All the punishment has been borne by men in the battle lines, who have fought with infinite courage against the pains and penalties inherited by them from a system of bungling statecraft. Is anything more tragic than the complex duty of British soldiers?

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 51) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

I.

THE EASTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
21 JULY.

IN the execution of the German strategy in the East, of which I made a correct forecast in my review of the situation on 10 July, the colossal nature of the undertaking strikes the reader with amazement. To synchronise the movements of armies in their millions along a serpentine front of nigh a thousand miles with a view of carrying out a strategic purpose will, if the undertaking be successful, constitute a masterpiece of staff work in war. Never in military history has a movement on such a stupendous scale been recorded, nor is it a simple matter to realise how the conception of such an enterprise could have entered the imagination of man. Truly the German thinks "big" in all his plans and sets to the world the model of what a perfect administration can attempt. Granted the operation now in the making be but partially successful, yet the idea that outlined the movement must stamp the Great General Staff in Berlin with the hall-mark of genius. We shall not win victory by belittling their master strokes. We have for a year gazed upon their initial triumph in the West, and been fain obliged to squander much blood in merely contemplating the method of reversing their great military achievement. A triumph will only come to the Allied cause in either theatre of war by searching for flaws and dealing punishment where the weak spots are found in the hostile armour; and, few as those openings are that the enemy will offer, the blows that we propose to deal must be thorough, complete and smashing. That an enemy can, after eleven months of war, with losses counted in their millions, find himself still strong enough in men, munitions and morale to recommence an offensive on such a gigantic scale as he is now projecting in the East is a lesson that must not be lost upon the Allies in the West.

In the forecast which I suggested a fortnight ago of the nutcracker movement of the Austro-German armies that was to squeeze Warsaw into surrender I was careful, in the absence of official reports, to narrow the limits of the respective arms of the lever that was to effect the strategic purpose. I pictured as a hinge for the instrument the hostile front that faces Warsaw on the West, those armies on the Bzura and the Rawka based upon Lowitz on ground contested with such bitterness in the early months of the year when von Hindenburg dealt one of his terrific hammer blows. I indicated the northern lever as running thence on the line of the rivers Narew and Bohr to the fortress of Osowiec on a front of some 100 miles, trending in a north-easterly direction parallel to the main railway line that runs from Petrograd through the fortresses of Dunaburg, Wilna, Grodno, Bialystock, to the great storehouse on the Vistula that feeds the armies of our Ally in the East. The southern lever I indicated as one on a line confronting the strategic railway of our Ally that runs from Kovel, crosses the river Bug, and runs through the important centres of Cholm and Lublin to the fortress on the Vistula at Ivangorod and on to Warsaw. The hostile armies south of this line are also on a front of 100 miles. This is but a mild conception of the programme which the directing War Staff at Berlin has outlined. The arms of each lever are apparently to be stretched to nigh three times the length that I had contemplated. Imagine the bold strategy that proposes striking at our Ally at points as far north as Riga, on the Baltic, to Bessarabia on the south. Linked up with this force in the north that is operating in the province of Courland is an army threatening the line of the Niemen in its course that trends southwards from Kovno and working in the region of the Suwalki, thus completing at Osowiec a new iron band. Similarly on the southern area of operations offensive movements are in progress

from the upper reaches of the river Bug at Sokal to the lower waters of the Sereth at its confluence with the Dniester, apparently to sweep round to the East, secure the important rail junction at Tarnopol, and possibly threaten Kiev itself. The situation of our Ally under the conditions of this new threat and under the circumstances of adversity consequent on a long retrograde from the southern and western confines of Galicia is being strained to danger point. The chain of hostile armies that runs along the huge front above delineated has, however, many links of unequal alloy. A bold offensive at a weak junction may snap the structure and wreck the entire contemplated operation. Our Ally will not find the weak point in the sphere that threatens him in the North, where purely German forces are to be met, and will do well to redouble his trench line on the defensive in that region. It is where Russian meets Austrian that an opening will be offered for success, and once already, near Krasnik, has a contest at perhaps the most important strategic point in the whole line ended in favour of Russian arms. As stated in my previous letter, "provided that Russian resources have been equal to throwing a fresh army into the arena in the province of Lublin, there should be little cause for anxiety". It is from this direction that a counter-blow in smashing force against the army of the Archduke Joseph may bring about a veritable collapse of the strategic purport of the enemy. Simultaneously with this blow from the North must be delivered one with equal force from the East. It is but a battle line long since rehearsed with such success by our Ally in the earlier stages of the war. The Grand Duke must, however, find the equal, nay, the better, of two leaders he has to deal with—von Hindenburg in the North and von Mackensen in the South.

Already has the latter profited by the repulse of the Archduke Joseph and realised that Austrian troops are not the equal of Germans in a combat. By a splendid use of the railway system which he has won in Galicia he has been enabled to regroup his Armies, stiffened with a German element, and has reformed a phalanx for the purpose of dealing another crushing blow to gain the strategic rail system at Cholm. It is upon this battlefield, a hundred miles in length, that lies between the rivers Bug and Vistula, that our hopes for any prospect of co-operation of our Allies in the East in the campaign for some months to come must lie. Its issue is of vital importance to the cause of the Quadruple Alliance. The withdrawals of the Russian Armies in the Northern Sector, and in the region of Middle and Southern Poland, are movements that have probably been decided upon weeks ago. Readers who have followed the path of this campaign in the East will recall that a great Council of Generals, attended by the Czar, was held at the Headquarters of the Grand Duke in the latter part of June. Necessity, owing to a shortage of munitions, must have dictated a contraction of the line of defence. If a meed of praise is to be bestowed upon the Great General Staff in Berlin for the idea of the huge offensive now in progress, an equal measure is assuredly due to the "brain of the Army" of our Ally which has devised the method of retrograde which circumstances have imposed. As long as the Russian line remains unpierced, and overwhelming numbers of the enemy are denied action against the disintegrated portions of a possible fracture, we may look for counterblows from an Army which has shown that it possesses extraordinary recuperative power. The German Armies fighting among woods and swamps, away from the help of the iron horse, are not irresistible. Their main tower of strength, the ponderous weapons that have, so far, pounded a way for the advance of their Armies, will make slow headway towards the new battle lines. We may yet see some fortress warfare in the situation as now presented with two buttresses at Novo Georgievsk in the north, and Ivangorod in the south, both on the line of the Vistula, in a new salient which will be offered to German offensive. If fate decrees that yet a further retrograde has been resolved upon, still, we may expect that decision has been made that

the names of both these fortresses will live in history. These two points on the river Vistula guard the strategic railway systems of Russia that are based, respectively, on Petrograd and Moscow. This war in the East has become a contest for railways, and the gain of such an important system by the enemy would open up a new scene in the drama now set before us in the country of our Ally. Nothing but a situation well-nigh desperate would allow of the surrender to the enemy of such a vantage line of twofold importance.

II.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

Despatches from a Commander-in-Chief, however belated, clear away the fog of war with which armies are purposely enveloped and tell to nations both the story of the heroism of their fellow-countrymen and define the localities where units of the Army have added lustre to their fame.

Ypres and its neighbourhood has again been the battleground of a bloody contest, not perhaps so vicious in its purpose or intense in its effort as was fought out in the critical days of October last, but it will live in history as the battle-ground where the introduction of the foulest methods of war ever yet conceived were first brought into play by an enemy who boasts that "necessity has no laws".

The German chose well and opportunely for the employment of his vile invention. He knows the weak spots in the links of the Allied line, the junction of armies of diverse nationalities, and, favoured by a breeze necessary for his purpose, launched his new instrument of warfare upon the unsuspecting French Division which was holding the ground north of the salient that projected east of Ypres, where his line, adjoining ours, linked up with the army of Belgium still farther to the north.

The story of the attack made under cover of gas upon the Allied front on 22 April last is known to all, and needs no repetition. The splendid devotion of our contingent from Canada, who saved a well-nigh desperate situation, has travelled round the ring of our family of nations and stirred the souls of countless mothers with a thrill of admiration for their sons. We learn that the withdrawal of the French Army which had been contemplated before the attack was delivered has now been completed and allowed our line to be prolonged to the north. The mere preparation for such a relief of the defensive line would not tend to lessen confusion, for a shifting of areas of command is a delicate operation even under peace conditions. The German venture in the region of Ypres in the anxious days of later April and early May was apparently the outcome of local initiative of the commander. Although begun with marked success, as will all ventures in war that are accompanied by methods of surprise, yet there seemed to be no real strategical intent behind the movement, no gigantic masses collected for a hack-through as marked the attempt in October and November. It is this fact which must not be lost sight of, for it disposes of reports sedulously spread for many weeks of a hostile concentration in the West for a new effort for the capture of the road to Calais.

The second battle of Ypres, like other German efforts along the whole front of the Western theatre which have figured in communiqués for the past two months are but set pieces in the gigantic play which the Dual Alliance is staging on two theatres. Run the eye down the lengthy line from the Channel to the frontier of Switzerland and study the many points where hostile thrusts have been made with the purpose of holding the Allies to their line of trenches while the herculean effort now in course of execution in the East is being carried out for a purpose. Souchez, Neuville, Arras, Hebutene, Soissons, Perthes, Varennes, d'Argonne, St. Mihiel, Bois le Prêtre, Leintrey, Metzeral, are all places that have felt these tactical blows and warded them off with varied success. Counterblows the Allies have delivered, as we know: our own at Fromelles, not marked with success, but

more fortunate at Festubert, where three groups of French guns contributed materially to victory. We know the sad story of how "the want of an unlimited supply of high explosive was a fatal bar to our success". Our Allies, better equipped, have left their mark upon the foe in his splendid struggles around the Labyrinth, Carency, Notre Dame de Lorette, Ablain, Souchez, the most elaborate and intricate system of defences put up by the enemy to defend the strategical point at the town of Lens. On the other hand, much ground gained in a previous period in the St. Mihiel wedge has yielded to persistent German effort.

We have learnt much in these struggles of thrust and counterthrust since the trial at Neuve Chapelle. We have learnt what brain work has been put into defensive warfare by our adversary, how superior he is to us in his elaborate technical methods of trench work and how unfailing is his gun support with its unlimited supply of ammunition. And we have, alas! of necessity afforded him much time for the perfecting of his art. Judged by the defensive works captured by our Ally north of Arras, it would appear that the system on the opposing sides is exactly the reverse from that on the other. The German first line of defence is the one on which most art is expended, while on the Allied side the contrary is the rule. Nothing so stubborn as the contest around Souchez has been witnessed in this siege struggle.

The struggles around Ypres and its hamlets at Pilkene, St. Julien, St. Jean, Hooge, have been object lessons which will not be lost upon the British Army. Trench discipline, which now includes the putting on of gas masks at a signal from a whistle; a far stricter supervision over water drinking as a result of having encountered poisoned supplies left purposely by the enemy; a more methodical system of communication trenches whereby supports can reach the firing line unobserved; the construction of second and even third lines of defence; these and many other necessary features in the nature of warfare to which we have been committed demand tasks upon the Regular British soldier which he cordially dislikes. One can sympathise with a commander who finds in his section of a defence the numerous waterways and canals which obstruct the transit of his troops up to the firing line that he is detailed to hold which requires special methods to guard and hide from the eye of the reconnoitring airman. Trench work in such a terrain, where water is reached at a depth of 3 feet, must call for more than ordinary skill in evolving a plan that will include fire effect, protection, secretion, and sanitation, and further enable the defenders to exist dryshod.

The salient at Ypres has been an expensive outwork for both British and German. The acute angle that projects into the hostile line forbids the employment of large supports when it is attacked as the area for operations within the triangle is contracted. It is this that affords the opportunity for enemy guns, which deluge the masses sent up to reinforce. It is in such situations that a cool, clear-headed leader has to balance in his mind the number of men that can be used with effect and the great drawback of having a superfluity. In the despatch recording the German effort made under the protection of the gas on 22 April we read of the heavy casualties caused by the mixing up of units which had to be hastily pushed into the gap made by the sudden retirement of the French Division. It must be remembered that artillery fire on the occasion became more or less one-sided owing to the loss of the French guns by the rapid advance of the enemy. It is easy to understand how aggravated must such a situation become and how nothing but resource and presence of mind of leaders could have saved the situation.

III.

We are now permitted to know of the arrival among our forces in France of the "new" Army Divisions. Much discussion has been initiated on the method of employment of this magnificent material, whether as complete armies by themselves or by attaching divisions of the new force to Army Corps of the original Army. Apparently the latter method of organisation

finds favour. It is perhaps just as well, for though these divisions are newly raised and trained yet they will distinctly be a good leaven in the mass to which they belong. One item in the new system of warfare they have had leisure to master, and they can do it well. They can dig. They can do more, for to the soldier's eye they are a revelation. They have a burning desire to make history. They are no trouble, they learn quickly, and their heart is splendid. With a few days' special training in rear of the trench line at the details which have to be perfected before committing troops to an attack upon a hostile trench line, these new divisions should carry all before them. No simple job, this necessary training, comprising as it does first the movement into assembly trenches specially constructed for the purpose, the forward movement thence over a fire zone, the drill to re-establish order and discipline after the first successful rush, the practice to recover order from disorder which a network of captured trenches must entail, the special task of the bomb throwers, the action of the machine gun detachments, the posting of snipers, the maintenance of contact and communication from right to left and from front to rear, and the making good of a captured line. The keynote to success in this task is writ in one word—drill. For three weeks were our troops thus exercised before the attack upon Neuve Chapelle, and yet some small hitch, as we know, threw the machinery out of gear. The men of the New Armies will give their instructors little cause for delay in mastering their lesson. Maybe they will improve upon the teaching, for among their ranks are many men who have learnt to think. Among the brigades of the new divisions will be found a pioneer battalion, a unit of men whose profession in civil life is the wielding of pick and shovel. There will be no skimping of trench duty, and intelligence will be put into the work, much to the relief of the hardly worked men of the Royal Engineers.

It is the splendid opportunity of placing in the field of war an army recruited from "the union of talents—the inferior, the average and the consummate"—that will prove a tower of strength. It is indeed pitiful to think that millions of material of equal value is allowed to stand aloof and watch from afar the efforts of their countrymen. It is not unreasonable to state that had a million of men of the fibre of the New Armies been thrown into the combat in the Western theatre in the early days of June our stubborn Ally in the East would have been spared the loss and humiliation consequent on a protracted retrograde. We make positive of one thing: that many weary months are requisite before anything approaching a movement of offensive can be looked for from the East. Opportunities in love and war seldom recur. To miss the chance gives a loophole for penalties. We have lost one fair chance, and may as well prepare ourselves for hammer blows again—a painful trial for the soldier.

The contest between Germany and England has become a duel. A duel which has to be fought out by such fresh blood that can be brought into the field on both sides. The warriors that fought in August last have gone for ever to the Valhalla. All honour to the glorious dead of both nations. Victory will crown the efforts of that side which stands ready with the last million of its war-trained sons. "We shall require millions of men to get a satisfactory peace", writes a correspondent in high command from the Front. The situation is one of "grave peril", we are told by a pro-consul in the House of Lords. The nation reads the solemn warning from two points of view. One half realises the seriousness of the impending drama from without. The remainder, unlearned and unconcerned in the serious nature of the task to which we are committed, sees only the peril of shortened days in a prosperity that they have never before enjoyed. We are in for a protracted struggle, and its duration will assuredly be governed by the length of time that we are content to refrain from equalising the burden that should rest upon the shoulders of all and every citizen.

COTTON FOR THE ENEMY.

BY SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

IT is now realised, I think, that the armies in the field are using powder which mainly consists of nitro-cellulose, manufactured from cotton. For this purpose the gun-cotton must be "gelatinised"—i.e., converted by appropriate treatment into a horny material, which may or may not contain some nitro-glycerine. Such a material, reduced to powder or threads (cordite) of more or less fineness, is employed in forcing a projectile out of a gun, as was formerly done with black "gun-powder"—a mixture of charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter. But the modern propulsive ammunition is enormously more effective than gunpowder; the projectile may leave the barrel of the gun with a velocity of 1,000 yards a second; and the pressure developed in the chamber of the gun may reach 20 tons on the square inch.

Cotton is not essential in making nitro-cellulose; any other form of woody fibre, or cellulose, can be "nitrated", and of it ammunition can be made. But modern inventors have striven for an ammunition which concentrates the greatest energy in the smallest space; and nitro-cellulose prepared from cotton fulfils that requisite for guns. It is true that for shells other explosives which have still higher "explosive power", such as trinitrotoluene and picric acid, are used; but the pressure developed when they explode is so great, and is raised so suddenly, that they cannot be used to expel a bullet from a gun. On the other hand, they are not so easily made to explode as gun-cotton is; and that is an advantage, because they can pass through the barrel of a gun without explosion; whereas the concussion of firing is apt to cause a shell filled with gun-cotton to explode.

Now, if nitro-cellulose is produced from wood-pulp, or from straw, it possesses similar properties to gun-cotton; but the powders have not the same propulsive power as has an equal weight of gun-cotton; hence a bullet propelled with one of these substitutes will not leave the barrel of the gun with the same velocity as if propelled by an equal weight of gun-cotton. Hence if such a substitute be used, the gun must be differently sighted. Or, if a larger weight of the substitute be employed, the chamber of the gun, originally designed for a gun-cotton powder, will not be large enough to contain it, and will require alteration.

This question of relative bulk has had great influence in the selection of the charges for shells. Gun-cotton cannot be compressed to a greater density than 1.25, whereas the shell-fillings already mentioned have densities of 1.6 to 1.8. Put in another way, a shell which would hold a pound and a quarter of gun-cotton would hold $1\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the denser picric acid or "T.N.T." The explosion is therefore increased in violence because of the larger amount used, as well as the more rapid explosion of the shell-filling.

Now we have been supplying the enemy, directly at first, indirectly later, with propulsive ammunition, inasmuch as we have allowed cotton to enter Germany, or neutral ports. It is now clear (the Government authorities challenged the statement when first made) that at least 1,000 tons of cotton are being discharged from our enemies' guns each day, in the form of gun-cotton. I have before me a memorandum from the Liverpool Cotton Association which gives some interesting facts; it is as follows:—

	American Cotton only.	
	This season.	Same time
Exports to	1913-14.	1912-13.
Great Britain	2,711,000 bales.	2,890,000 bales.
Continent	3,067,000 "	3,841,000 "

Stock, March 19th. All Classes of Cotton.

	This season.	1913-14.	1912-13.
		Same time	Same time
Liverpool	1,426,000 bales.	1,194,000 bales.	1,352,000 bales
Bremen	452,000 "	558,000 "	498,000 "
Havre	242,000 "	383,000 "	381,000 "
Other Continental ports	550,000 "	107,000 "	102,000 "

*Estimated.

It will be noticed that while the shipments to Continental ports have decreased, for American cotton, the total imports have increased enormously. That cotton has been reaching Germany.

It being realised that cotton was freely reaching Germany, the late and the present Government have been implored to declare cotton contraband of war, but hitherto in vain. It is true that Orders in Council have been issued which have had some effect in restricting Germany's import. But I am informed from a Swiss source that Holland, which undertook not to forward cotton direct to Germany, has been selling to Swiss buyers; it is not to be supposed that the Swiss can utilise one-fiftieth part of the cotton they have bought. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that commerce in cotton is brisk; for its selling price in Liverpool is about 5½d. per lb., and it is commanding nearly 3s. per lb. in Germany.

By declaring cotton contraband, the ship carrying it may be detained, while the cargo is confiscated. This would act, as it has acted in the past, as a powerful deterrent to smuggling. But this deterrent has not yet been tried.

It appears not to be generally known that overtures were made to the late Government, early in August, by a number of cotton magnates, to take steps whereby each country would have been provided with the normal supply of cotton which its mills have had during the past years. This would have been no hardship, except, perhaps, to the American seller. But the proposal went further: it was contemplated to purchase the American crop, and distribute it, so that all should be utilised. The offer was declined.

But it is not too late. The 1915 crop will be coming on the market in September, and it is still in our power to exclude cotton from our enemies' country. When that is done, the end of the war will be appreciably nearer; for it is certain that within six months of the day when cotton is effectively excluded, our adversaries will have to stop operations for lack of propulsive ammunition.

AFTER THE COAL STRIKE.

BY THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

THE coal strike in South Wales is settled and no one will wish to go back over the details of a deplorable incident. What is important is that nothing of the kind should happen in any other centre of industry while the war is in progress. I see no way to ensure this except National Service, or, to put it bluntly, conscription. Every man should be set to the work he is most capable of performing. All human brain and muscle should be enlisted in the service of the State. Every ounce of energy, every atom of technical skill, should be employed to the best advantage. Without national mobilisation all this cannot be done. Military service must, of course, be included. In raising the troops we have abroad and at home under a voluntary system we have achieved a feat unique in the history of nations. It is a feat to be proud of, but it is ruinously costly and the system is reaching, if it has not reached, its limits. It is costly because the numbers of men married and with families are vastly out of due propor-

tion to the total numbers of enlistment, and, consequently, vast sums are disbursed for separation allowance. And it is costly not only financially, but because thousands of bread winners and fathers of families, who could be more profitably employed at home, are in the fighting line, while thousands of independent young men remain at home. The call to arms appeals mainly to men who realise the gravity of the situation. From silly optimism and other causes that is not realised by masses of the population. Those who won't come must be taken. Under the circumstances that confront us voluntarism is wasteful, cruel, and unjust. We have a right to be proud of what has been accomplished under voluntary enlistment, but to persist in it now is mere "swank", if I may be allowed a vulgarism, and to imperil the issue out of swagger is criminal. Mr. Lloyd George is sick at heart at trying to impress the gravity of the situation upon the people. I do not wonder at it. The words of even so gifted an orator will never persuade them so long as we alone among all our allies and the King's Oversea Dominions are content with a system that precludes us from utilising half of our potential strength. What is the use of preaching economy to individuals and departments, of what avail are Committees and Enquiries into our financial endurance while the whole conduct of the war is based upon a fatally false conception of the duties of citizenship in the case of a nation fighting for great principles essential to liberty and human progress and for its very life. It is a privilege to take up arms in so righteous a cause. All honour to those who have availed themselves of it. But it is equally a duty. That patent fact we have ignored, and so long as it is ignored we shall be fighting with one arm in a sling. And afterwards? However optimistic opinions may be at the progress of hostilities, it will be admitted that long periods of discussion must precede peace. Words without backing will be of but small avail. In discussion we shall need the backing of an Empire mobilised to the last man: all human energy employed in the vast organisation, starting from the manufacture of munitions at home and ending in the units in the firing-line; all the manhood of the nation mobilised and utilised to the last ounce of our effective strength. That must be our position when it comes to discussing terms. When the cards are laid upon the table we shall need a strong hand.

Even with things as they are, we may be of good hope. I have been away in the Mediterranean only a short time—two months—but I feel, on returning, a change in the soul of the nation. I think the gravity of the war is sinking into our hearts. Lightheartedness in difficulties is a most valuable asset. The Army has it to the full, and it is well that we at home should feel it, but not to the extent of falsifying the truth. Psychology and the dynamics of aspiration are obscure subjects. Every German old enough to speak or wish prays every day, and all day, for the punishment of England. Can anyone say that such concentration of will-power has no effect? I would not crave evil for our enemies, but I would like to see our will-power and aspirations concentrated and focussed upon the protection of our splendid men. We want to give the Army not only the support of a nation organised in the service of brain and hands, but organised also in the hearts and will, which is an organisation which no physical unfitness, no age or infirmity, can lessen or impair.

After nearly a year of war, and a huge expenditure of life and money, I think the nation is beginning to understand what it is up against. We might, or might not, have done better. There may have been wasteful extravagance and ridiculous cheeseparing. Individuals and offices may have been to blame. That is all beside the mark now. It is waste of energy to cavil at the past. As a nation we were unprepared. We were untrained. We did not understand the nature of the contract. We understand it now, and we have got our second wind, and we are going to put the business through; and provided all other interests are obliterated in the public welfare, and the

nation is effectively mobilised, and the right men are in the right places, and are given the right backing and authority, we need have no fear as to the result.

THE REIGN OF CLAPTRAP.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

A CLEVER man remarked the other day that if the country does not take care it will lose the war through dullness. It might be put quite seriously in a slightly different form—namely, if the country does not take care it will, through claptrap, secure at best only a draw against the Central Powers. Claptrap has been playing far too great a part for many months past in the attitude of a large number of people. The claptrap one is thinking of consists commonly of (1) familiar "tags" and proverbs which are worn out and for the most part vacant of a spark of wisdom, and (2) of trashy sentimentalism which is palmed off on the unsuspicious as sympathy and humanity. A third kind of claptrap is that of honest thick-headedness. It is most persistent, travelling through all classes, passed consolingly about from mouth to mouth: if suppressed, or depressed now and then for a day or two by some public event, it soon revives and appears to gain fresh life through its short withdrawal. To begin with a very widespread example of this third kind of claptrap.

(1) The withdrawal of the Russian Armies from Galicia was and is described by those who deal in claptrap as all part of a strategic plan—only perhaps thoroughly appreciated in all its subtler workings in this country by two or three exceptionally prolific and knowing scribes—a strategic plan to draw on and destroy the armies of Germany and Austria.

This notion has been, and indeed still is, exceedingly popular. It is regarded as a particularly gnostic notion, and little plans are even drawn up, blocks are made of them, which are printed to illustrate the value of a strategic movement to the rear. It is recalled, too, how Napoleon was once lured into Russia and was suffered by Kutusoff to burn Moscow, and how it cost him an army and in the end an Empire. The battle of the Borodino is re-fought in print or in imagination by the experts in strategic retreat.

The analogy is, of course, grotesque, and the whole talk about strategic retreats is unworthy of serious people. It is no true sign of faith in or loyalty to our heroic Ally Russia when she is beset by the full power of the mightiest war machine ever known. It completely overlooks the immense difficulties of her position and the splendid efforts she has made. It is, indeed, representing the whole campaign in Galicia in a spirit not far short of buffoonery. Few exhibitions of claptrap have been more offensive and more exasperating than the claptrap—mostly, but not entirely, civilian—in this country about the struggle in Galicia.

(2) "We must win because time and numbers are with us."

This is a kind of claptrap which is very insidious, and at times we are all more or less prone to it. It appealed to many of us notably at the start of the war, when nation after nation was seen throwing or about to throw its weight into the scale against the Central Powers. It is true, of course, that numbers and time will always tell for nations as against minorities, *other things being equal*. But the whole point lies in these italicised words. Numbers and time have again and again failed; for instance, the enemies of England in past struggles, Colonial and Continental. In many instances we have been in a minority but have won, thanks to compactness, national spirit and heart, and the direction of genius at home or on the field. Numbers and time, other things being *unequal*, by no means ensure victory: otherwise what chance would small Japan have had against huge China with her swarming population?

Germany is certainly fighting against numbers and time, and will be fighting more and more at a dis-

advantage, one hopes, against numbers as time goes on; but we must remember she has great advantages to set against that: she is a compact minority, firmly knit together, and she has managed to keep the offensive up to the twelfth month of the war. It is claptrap, foolish and dangerous claptrap, to harp on winning the war through numbers and time if we do not bear carefully in mind these other advantages, which at present are on the side of the enemy.*

(3) "Germany has already lost 5,000,000 men in the war."

Mathematics about the "phenomenal" slaughters, "holocausts", and "hecatombs" of the enemy, here, there, and everywhere, should be received with considerable caution. There is no doubt that they are based largely on irresponsible rumour and guesses. It is safer to view them as claptrap figures. The very fact that we want to hear of 5,000,000 or of 10,000,000 of the enemy being put out of action contributes substantially to the statement being made that 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 of the enemy have been put out of action: for the power of suggestion is great in these matters.

(4) "It is a bad plan to swap horses whilst crossing the stream."

Here is an old-established favourite indeed! It is valued by many people as a thought-saver; for it sounds wise, is easily remembered and said, and needs not the smallest expenditure of thought by the user of it, by the parrot repeater. It was constantly employed when the last Government was in office. People said sapiently that, whether the Government was an ideal war Government or not, we must stick to it, for swapping horses whilst crossing the stream was, etc. But we swapped all the same, because the horse we were riding was tired, the stream strong, dangerous depths before us, and the offer of a new and more vigorous horse at hand. As a fact, when we look into the matter, we find that there is a great deal of horse-swapping going on in all manner of ways to-day, though we are crossing the stream. Thus we are—gradually—swapping the "voluntary" horse for the obligatory horse. Swapping operations whilst we are crossing the stream are implied in the Munitions Act, in the National Registration Act, and in various other measures. What we have to be careful about is that we swap the right horses: it would be a foolish plan to swap without satisfying ourselves entirely that the nag we are riding is worn out and going to break down amid stream, and that the nag we think of mounting in its stead is a sound nag and not a broken-kneed or broken-winded one.

Crowds of other claptrap expressions and sentiments will readily occur to those who have been jostled and annoyed by them during the last few months. For instance, the anti-"Conscription" crusade is a crusade of claptrap—the very expression employed towards it, by the way, some weeks ago by Lord Milner, that detester and exposé of loose thinking and trashy sentimentalism. It is a claptrap statement that we "ought not to have 'Conscription' because England, you know, never has had 'Conscription'": if that were true, England ought not to have a Munitions Act and a Minister of Munitions, ought not to have the new 4½ per cent. War Loan, ought not to have women as ticket collectors on the Underground Railway. Another claptrap statement is that "the winning of this war by the pure voluntary means will be a great triumph". Imagine the state of mind of a man who can hug such a statement as that in the midst of a furious struggle for life and death against a Power so vicious and so desirous of

our complete ruin and vassalage as Germany is to-day! Yet a great number of people, in print and out of it, are hugging this statement.

There is one piece of egregious claptrap which we do appear at length to have got under somewhat through ridicule—namely, the claptrap about one free Briton being worth anything from three to ten "Conscripts". However, it is perhaps not killed, only scotched and in hiding, and may reappear in due season.

The evil and danger about all these very prevalent claptrap expressions and washy, weak sentimentalisms is that, under our system of Government, they are bound to affect authority and deflect it from the right and reasoned courses of action. If almost daily a certain number of observed and sentimental writers describe military service and scientific organisation in war as "Militarism", "Conscript labour", and so on, and these absurd expressions and crude notions are accepted and repeated parrotwise by a large number of people, authority hesitates "to fly in the face of public opinion". Hence in the near past we have witnessed, with humiliation, authority itself, in its replies to Parliamentary and other hecklers, made to defer to claptrap. As to the claptrap about strategic retreats and moral victories and so on in the eastern theatre of the war, it probably serves the ends of Germany far better than whole campaigns of German falsehood for the guidance of neutral countries; for it necessarily discourages recruiting, damps down ardour for increasing greatly the output of munitions, and generally encourages large numbers of easily-led people to believe and explain to each other that all we need do is to carry on "business as usual" and wait patiently for Russia to come on again in her multi-millions and march in due course to Berlin. Against stupidity how truly did Schiller say that the gods themselves fight in vain!

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE PLEASURES OF LONDON.—I.

BY JOHN PALMER.

SOME time ago, on discontinuing to notice week by week in the SATURDAY REVIEW the activities of the London theatres, I tried to explain that the British drama was necessarily quite unrelated with the things which to-day are filling our minds. The theatre when war broke over London was seen very clearly to be, not a commentary upon events as they pass, still less a medium for the expression of the temper and feeling of the moment, but simply one of our social habits—a habit threatened, in common with all other habits, in August last with extinction. The theatre itself and the playgoer took it for granted that except for efforts here and there to be topical—efforts almost uniformly unsuccessful—the theatre must necessarily keep the changed conditions of life at arm's length. If it was to have any value at all in the coming months its value must be made to consist in its complete aloofness from all those things which beyond its doors were changing the world. The implications of this attitude of the British theatre have not been sufficiently realised. It is not a question of taking the theatre gravely or gaily. It is a question of the theatre counting at all as an abstract and brief chronicle of the time. We have had to realise in the last twelve months that the theatre has had for us less significance than, say, "Punch"—whose intimate and merry appeal to its readers during the past year has had a direct relation with things as they are.

One regards the theatre to-day and the whole subject of amusements in London solely from the standpoint of our public demeanour in time of war. Whether we should or should not go to the theatre; how often we should go; what sort of entertainment we should support or refuse to support—these questions are on precisely the same level at this time as

* Colonel Blood's sane and interesting article in the July issue of "The Quarterly" on "The Progress of the War" by land is well worth reading in this connection. "Judging from the tone of a considerable portion of the daily Press, there seems to exist a widespread misapprehension of the gravity of the present situation. The foolish optimism which prevailed during the first eight months of the war has been succeeded by a more reasonable attitude; but few people seem as yet to have anticipated the possibility of the Germanic Powers being ultimately victorious, or to have realised that to secure ourselves against such a fatal possibility it is necessary to concentrate all our national resources on the prosecution of the war."

questions of diet or dress or economies in household expenditure. Anyone who has had occasion to be in the West End of London lately, who has dined in the restaurants which habitually serve as a sort of annexe to this or that place of amusement, and has visited any of the successful houses of variety, must frequently have asked himself exactly how much loudness and flashy levity is becoming at this time in the civilian crowd. One is happy to see our soldiers in training or on leave from the trenches—starving for light and colour and warmth and good things—enjoying themselves without stint. But they are a very small proportion of the spending public, and would resent being used as a screen for the loud civilian. Of this there is more to say hereafter. Meantime let us return for a moment to the position of the theatre to-day as an institution naturally associated in the public mind with over-lighted streets and lavish feeding.

The war has simply made more obvious what was largely apparent before the war. There never has been within present memory any organic connection between English drama and the things which matter to Englishmen. The reasons for this lie deeply in the past. It was not always so. In the days of Elizabeth the English theatre was thrilled through and through with the thought and passion and humour of the people. A century later there was a more exclusive theatre which closely reflected the manners and temperament of a select society. Thereafter, however, we have little to record beyond efforts—often extremely skilful, and sometimes chequered with the intrusions of personal genius—to amuse the public in fashionable ways. Occasionally the theatre has tended to return towards the things which interest us at the breakfast table; but normally it has had a strictly after-dinner atmosphere of its own. Its joys and sorrows have been strangely incubated without reference to nature; its standards of conduct have been peculiar to itself; its people have lived upon the far side of a distorting mirror and have behaved in a wholly professional manner strictly and entirely their own. Occasionally someone has tried to close the rift—as when Tom Robertson caused his stage to chink to the music of Victorian tea-cup-and-saucer, or when Gilbert made of his theatre a running commentary upon English fads of the day. But on the whole it is safe to say that for two hundred years the theatre has stood for almost nothing of moment in the life or literature of the nation.

Obviously this was not a gap to be closed by a sudden decree. Faced with the war the theatres had to confess that they were unable to deal with the war. The British theatre has had nothing to say concerning the one thing that now matters to us all. Politic managers decided to disregard the war altogether, and they have had their reward. Those managers, on the other hand, who refused to realise the immensity of the distance which separates the pretences of the modern theatre from the realities of life and endeavoured to find and to produce plays about the war, now realise that they played for a very heavy fall. The more successful theatres have now virtually accepted their position as an interlude under war conditions between meals. The interlude is a little less satisfactory than usual, owing to London having been robbed of its nightly glare and owing to an early closing of the bars; but the managers would be the last to deny that the theatre has at this time any other wish than to keep the war and all shapes of reality as far from its walls as possible.

It is a waste of words to scold or to grieve at this main feature of the position. Any such exclamations lay one open to the charge of taking seriously an institution which desires only to be taken with a smile. The British theatre would, indeed, have had to be a robust and resonant medium of expression to succeed where British poetry and painting and the British novel have failed. We have lived too long with themes quite unrelated to the harsh simplicities of war to be able to deal in any way but a crude pamphleteering

and illustrative way with present things. It is not alone our dramatists who have been paralysed. In justice to the theatre we should, at any rate, remember that Mr. Stephen Phillips in "Armageddon" has done no worse than Mr. Ollivier in his "Meeting of the Kings".

There is only one further point I would urge in this connection. There is a good deal of foolish depreciation at this time of things of the intellect and imagination. It is said that life has become so critical, so full of anxiety and peril, that only pedants and people who climb selfishly into their ivory towers can dream of putting in a word for art. There are, it is said, no artists to-day; we are all men together. Here we come upon a false and familiar distinction. Was Sidney the less a man because he wrote verses? Was Raleigh the less a poet because he adventured for El Dorado? To assume that, because life is serious, things of the imagination cease to matter is the result of that silly and fatal modern distinction we make between things beautiful and things practical. Had our arts to-day been deeply significant and vital things the war would not have put them out. The war would immediately have suffused and filled them. They vanished out of our reckoning because they were not broad and great and general enough to deal with big realities.

Let it suffice, then, that the theatre, in common with most contemporary appeals to the fancy, could not greatly matter to us at this time. The further question arises as to how far our public places of amusement, with their necessary accompaniment of restaurants whose Parisian names are now sadly out of keeping with their London habits, are really pleasant places to look upon. It is clearly necessary to draw the line somewhere between commendable cheerfulness of heart and a callous, spendthrift frivolity. In some of our theatres that line is drawn with an admirable tact and good sense. In others it can hardly be said to exist. This is a question, not of high art, but of public taste, and as such I propose, in another article, to consider it.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.*

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT was a genius enthralled by words and liberated by day-dreams. It was in visions that he tasted the anodyne of complete success. He could say with truth, as Balzac said, that he who dreamt over literary projects smoked enchanted cigarettes. His masterpieces were airy nothings to which he never gave the local habitation and the name that they merited in art. And his partial failures? They were completed with slow toil and pain, after infinite hindrance from his literary conscience.

For Maupassant did much to neutralise his good genius. He was enslaved by the spirit of modernity, labouring for it always, instead of employing it with discreet care. Though he wished to be unconscious of his technical methods, he made self-criticism his fetic: probing and paining his imagination and his alert sincerity. Thus, like Flaubert, he found a calvary in his work and a resurrection in his dreams. But, of course, he explained to himself why he put unnecessary torment into the gestation and birth of his brief tales.

There are critics also who pay ardent tribute to his "long-suffering self-denial", and who hold him up before young authors as a model to be envied and copied. As Maupassant inherited from Flaubert a craftsmanship of self-torment, so young writers of to-day are to accept from both a legacy that will sour their youth and put an alien artifice into their own naturalness. Not only are they to forget that too much is the foe of enough; they are to lose touch with the fact

* "Yvette and Other Stories." By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Mr. John Galsworthy. A preface by Joseph Conrad. New edition. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

that every talent has its own limits and its own virtues, and that progress comes most generously to him who does with the greatest joy what he does with the greatest ease, almost without knowing either why or how. Temperament should govern technique, as in Shakespeare; technique ought not to persecute temperament, as in Flaubert, in Maupassant, and in many other modernists. To suppose that a writer, after learning the grammar of his craft, can toil through conscious efforts into qualities better than his own inborn gifts; to suppose this and to act as if a supposition is a proven fact, an essential constituent of art, is a craze that leads to much barren labour, to overmuch worthless deportment over reams of paper. The free art of a Fielding, studied yet spontaneous, will ever be a friendlier companionship than the coerced simplicity of a Flaubert. It grows, it is not grown; it ripens in the sunny open air, a harvest of human nature.

Maupassant is reputed to be a great master in the consummate simplicity of his technique; and if we close our eyes to the self-imposed defects that he came to look upon as virtues because he toiled to get them, then it is easy and very enjoyable to find in his best tales a French logician inspired by true genius. The joy that he takes in facts, for example, and the wondrous varied skill that he reveals in a penury of phrases brilliant with gems and rich with pictures imaginatively seen, are above and beyond praise. But penury is penury, no matter what virtues may attach themselves to it or may thrive in spite of it. We are not called upon to love famine merely because a man of genius here and there has garnered a masterpiece from hunger.

That Maupassant in several ways imposed hunger on his great genius, as Byron drank soda water to make himself lean and elegant, is a fact that criticism must note frankly. A glamour can be thrown around it as around any other fact, but we gain more if we tell the truth about it as plainly as we can. Maupassant forgot that in the making of a work of art there is always an unending collaboration between the artist and mankind. His own readers, by accepting his tales with intelligent delight, would contribute to his work their "all" of completing appreciation; and this "all" would depend on the amount of eternal humanity that he, Maupassant, the artist, put into his alembicated pages. The triumph of genius past and present is to amuse duffers and to give heart-aches and headaches to the wise. Maupassant has failed to do this, not because of any inherent weakness in his good genius, but because an acquired zeal in self-criticism taught him to fear and to dodge several essential attributes of humanity.

Never did he let himself go. Though his genius was not unruly, not vehement nor tempestuous, yet he put it under a control as rigid as that with which a jockey breaks the spirit of a bucking thoroughbred. Maupassant was not content to hate sentimentality, the disease of weak intellects. From this just hate he passed into a fear of sentiment, forgetting that every emotion circulated by the nervous system is a sentiment with an eloquence of its own revealed far more often in actions than in words, since pantomime among living creatures is commoner than expressive sound. To fear sentiment, then, is to try to atrophy the very soul of communicable pleasure and pain, thought, inspiration and observation.

Some phases of sentiment Maupassant feared less than others. Irony, austerity, sarcasm, and merciless truth spoken as by a gramophone of genius, undimmed, unimpassioned; these constituents of Maupassant's work are more frequent by far than pathos and ingenuous love and compassionate tenderness. Even when he writes about the conquering Germans of 1870-71, even when he portrays their brutal arrogance, he strives with might and main to achieve an impartial neutrality, as if right in art banished from an author's nature a just anger and resentment. In one story, "A Duel", patriotism breaks through this impassive routine and a barbaric Prussian is sent to hell, two Englishmen standing by as witnesses and

judges. Even the author, Maupassant himself, is present in the drama—a rare breach of his impersonal etiquette. For once he forgets that his principal aim is to get rid of himself, as if he could find his literature in any other mind and heart than his own. How absurd are the principles that modernity borrows from wrong ideas expressed in hypnotic phrases! As often as not self-denial in art is a fine phrase for the technicalness of overworked self-criticism. It strains at many a gnat and swallows many a camel. There is a writer of to-day, famed for self-denial, who is yet in essence what Rousseau is in bulk—a sentimentalist. Truly, as soon as an author begins to talk about "economy of words", about "the miserable vanity of catching phrases", about his determination not "to be led into perdition by the seductions of sentiment, of eloquence, of humour, of pathos", friendly critics should tell him to get on with his work in a reasonable way by serving his busy project as a loyal amanuensis.

Maupassant is a rigid determinist, and keeps as far off as he can from blame, praise, and consolation. Which do you prefer—the fierce scorn for mankind that betrays Dean Swift or a neutralised author who declines to reveal any sort of ardent personal interest in the vast human drama? Suppose a bacteriologist spied upon micro-organisms without feeling an intense compassion for the illimitable suffering produced by their toxins. Should we not say that he had allowed research to dehumanise his mind? Similarly, more or less, Maupassant was dehumanised by his neutrality. Swift went wrong in an excess of personal concern for the difference separating the large human brain from the futility of most human action; but his scorn by its fierce attacks challenges men to defend themselves, just as fevers provoke bodies to rally the whole of their resistance.

The terrible irony of Maupassant's "Queen Hortense", and the sequence of merciless facts that culminates in the suicide of "Miss Harriet", have no compensating pity akin to that which Balzac sent from his chivalric manhood into the bleak egotisms of "Cousin Pons". In Balzac, happily, a work of imagination is the author *plus* the human comedy; in Maupassant, as a rule, it is the human comedy *minus* the author. What a pity! After all, great thoughts do come from the thinker's whole nature, that alembic of all observation, of all acquired knowledge. Though among his devotees Maupassant is a great master, a classic, it is only in a few tales that he is perhaps for ever the contemporary of mankind, and not merely of his methods. Such work as Kipling's "Only a Subaltern" has a drama beyond the reach of neutralised authorship.

JEANNE.

A LITTLE open window,
And Flemish fields beyond,
A red sun in the trees,
And the whisper of a breeze,
And frogs all a'croaking in the pond,
O my Jeanne!
You had only just turned ten,
And I often wondered, when
You became as old and big as me,
Whether any thought would hover
O'er the memory of your lover,
Who took and dandled you upon his knee.
But the years they hurry fast,
And your childhood cannot last,
And soldiers go again across the sea;
And my Jeanne with laughing eyes
And her looks of sweet surprise
Will be a phantom in the after years for me.
For, child, you'll never heed
Your beautiful misdeed,
How you thieved from me my heart in vain:
Your true, true love will take you,
And childhood's dreams forsake you

And the dream of him who'll ne'er return again,
O my Jeanne!
A little open window
And Flemish fields beyond,
A red sun in the trees,
And the whisper of a breeze,
And frogs all a'croaking in the pond!

P.

Flanders, June 1915.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S METHODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The London County Council seems eager to introduce a conscription of its own, unhindered by any trade union and without leave from the Legislature. It would not dare to act as a royal autocrat if its inquisitorial attitude towards students brought its Education Committee into conflict with the working man and his strikes. Eight candidates have applied to the L.C.C. for awards of student teacherships to date from 1 August. Three of these candidates, in answer to a question, have declared that, on reaching military age they would not join the Army. Another said that he would become a soldier as soon as he could; and three others promised to reconsider at the age of nineteen the question of military service. This means, of course, that these boys understood the meaning of the word "voluntary" and used their minds, not as patriots, obedient to their country's needs and orders, but as egoists, free to make their own choice between teaching and soldiering. To find fault with them is foolish, because "voluntary" has been for a long time a fetich word in the British Isles, and to abuse the meaning of it is to outrage the sacred "voluntary system". If candidates for student teacherships did not know what "voluntary" means, what confidence could anyone have in their fitness to be schoolmasters? Suppose they defined "compulsory" as a synonym for "voluntary". Would this "howler" be accepted with pleasure by Mr. J. W. Gilbert, chairman of the Education Committee, who told the candidates that the L.C.C. had decided not to give scholarships to men of military age, nor to applicants for student teacherships who declined to join the Forces on reaching military age.

It is necessary to protest against this wrongful support of the so-called voluntary principle. It murders voluntarism and it debases National Service. Until military duties cease to be voluntary, compulsion of any sort is illegal and outrageous. The L.C.C. is putting into action a boycott in order to impress young men into the Army. Does the Council fail to see that a boycott is a phase of unarmed civil war? As such it is advocated by anarchists. To try to force lads into the Army when Parliament declines to employ such compulsion is a bullying pastime for an Education Committee. Believers in National Service have good reason to be alarmed, because they fight for a social principle of honour, and because wrongful compulsion stirs up enmity against dutiful and necessary obligation.

I am, yours, etc.,

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS.

THERSITES REDIVIVUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

July 1915.

SIR,—I was in Peking in 1913, and by invitation of the President, Yuan Shi Kai, was present at the opening of the first Parliament ever assembled in China. There were, I was told, 700 members in both Houses; the vast majority were in European dress, there were seven or eight in Chinese costume, and one only wore

a pigtail. Almost the first step that was taken was, following the very bad example set in another country, to vote themselves £600 a year each. Not long afterwards the Radical party annoyed and hampered the President, so he proceeded to the House with a battalion of infantry and turned them out once for all, neck and crop. Finding later that the Conservative party became swelled-headed and arrogant, without any opposition he again repeated his performance, cleared the House, locked it up, dissolved Parliament, and saved his country a large sum of money. It would be well, indeed, if our country at this most critical period of its history, when we are locked in a life and death struggle with the most barbarous, cruel, and unscrupulous Power that ever disgraced the world, which must be crushed if liberty is not to vanish from the earth, could follow the example of Yuan Shi Kai and Cromwell, and put a stop to the perpetual nagging in Parliament and unfounded attacks on the Government, and especially on the War Office. I hold no brief for the latter, but I have served eight years in that department, and therefore know something about it, and I assert, and in this assertion I am sure I am supported by the vast majority of the Empire, that not only Lord Kitchener but also every branch of the War Office have done superhuman work and have accomplished miracles, and they deserve the deepest gratitude from the nation. To attack those for imagined shortcomings who are straining every nerve in the service of the country is little short of criminal. It reminds one of what the French were in 1870-71. Then when anything went wrong the cry, *Nous sommes trahis* went up, and a scapegoat was sought for; now the French nation is united to a man; and we may well imitate them, not only in their Army system, but in their manner of behaving themselves towards their Government, their country, and their Army authorities.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE STRIKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum,

22 July.

SIR,—

"The King of France and twenty thousand men

Drew their swords!—and put them back again."

At the first touch the strongest Cabinet that could be got together capitulates, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister of Munitions, himself is acclaimed as a heaven-born genius for having arranged the terms. Could humiliation go further? The Government has been forced to eat the leek.

We hardly realise, perhaps, all that this episode means. It means that if Germany wins this war she wins it because of her form of Government, if England wins she wins in spite of hers.

ATHELSTAN RILEY.

MINERS AND THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pow Burn, Alnwick.

SIR,—I am aware that clergymen in rural parishes consider it their duty and delight to visit and be personally acquainted with all their parishioners, so as to be able to sympathise with them in their joys and troubles, and thus become capable of giving them good advice, spiritual and otherwise. My father, who was Vicar of Long Edlingham, in Northumberland, for some 60 years, never let a day pass, unless it were raining or snowing badly, without visiting some portion of his very extensive parish, with tracts in his hand and good sound advice, and I want to know whether this unwritten law holds good for the villages and towns of the miners?

If it does not, and a parson in such parishes is considered to have earned his very poor stipend when he has conducted his Sunday services and has preached his regulation number

of sermons, then the miner has no right to complain. But, if it does, and the duties imposed by it are not carried out, I consider the defaulter to be a breeder of Socialism and many worse things.

A short time ago certain affairs connected with the war caused me to visit and converse with a number of miners' families. I was thus occupied for 25 (not consecutive) days, my work beginning in the villages before 10 a.m. and ending between 4-6 p.m. After some short time it seemed strange to me that when going my rounds I never encountered a clergyman of the Church of England going his. This struck me so forcibly that I kept an eye open for such a delectable sight. It was never rewarded. This, of course, might have been a mere coincidence, and as such I should probably have considered it had it not been for four other things which caused me to think.

Once, when returning from my work, I met the parson of the parish wherein I had spent the day, and the following conversation took place.

I: "Can you tell me, sir, if those houses" (pointing to some 70 in rows) "are the only ones belonging to this pit?"

He: "Oh, dear no! There are lots more on the other side of the pit."

I: "Then I must come another day." (As a matter of fact it took me three more days to finish that village.) "I've been into all those and thought there were no more."

He (in a tone of great astonishment): "Did you say you had been into them all?"

I: "Yes."

He (still more astonished): "But, how did you get in?"

I: "I knocked at the back door, said 'Can I come in, missus?' and walked in."

He: "Oh!"

Now that "Oh!" seemed to me capable of different constructions. It might have meant "I—as a parson, of course, am welcome in the houses of the miners; but how you, a layman, got in beats me"; or, "We parsons have often a difficulty in passing their door-mats, so how did you contrive to do so?" or, "I don't believe a word you say".

On my way home, however, taking all things into consideration, I concluded either that the Cloth was not popular in that miners' village, or that that particular parson was utterly devoid of tact. Anyhow, that incident is capable of explanation and so is the next.

I was in a third-class carriage in which was a woman who was in mourning for her brother, recently killed at the Dardanelles. On the opposite side sat the fat, jolly-looking elderly wife of a miner. In the course of conversation the one in mourning mentioned how kind and sympathetic her priest (she was a Catholic) had been to her. The other woman said, "Well, I don't know nothin' 'bout priests, I'm a Church o' England woman, I am; an' all I know is I've been six years in this" (not very large) "village" (the one we were about to arrive at) "and our parson has visited me twice in that time". Of course, I do not know the woman, and she may have been lying. I need hardly say that when in the miners' houses I never asked anything with regard to their parson's visits—I had no right or wish to; but the matter having been brought to my notice, I feel that it merits drastic treatment.

The next two incidents do not, I think, admit of explanation. I was going round a largish town of which the population were partly miners and partly ordinary folk, and entered a miner's house. I observed that the furniture was costly and tasteful, as were the pictures on the walls, and that the people were of a superior class. I said to the woman of the house, "If you will send me a good character from the boss under whom your son" (who had joined the Territorials) "last worked, I will do" so-and-so—what is here of no consequence—and I added, "If you could also get a line from your parson to testify to his moral character so much the better". She replied, "Look here, sir, we are Church of England folk, and have been settled in this town and in this house for more than two years and never a parson has passed my door-step or invited me".

The next is worse. Some friends of mine, country folk, were obliged, in order to "better themselves" and to find

work for their sons, to migrate to a pit village or small town. They took a house in a certain row, on the opposite side of which and a few doors up, in a similar house, dwelt the curate and his wife. After they had been there some time that curate one day, stopping opposite their gate, spoke to one of the boys who was standing inside their small garden plot, and asked him where the family came from, and, in short, all about them. The boy answered his questions, and added that he and his sisters had been in the church choir. "After that", wrote the woman of the house, "of course we expected that he'd have given us a call. *He never did.*" One of the daughters was very ill, in fact dying, and was attended two, three, and sometimes four times a week by the local doctor. This neither the curate nor his wife had apparently observed from their point of vantage across the street! After about eight months the daughter died, and the Vicar or Rector, whichever he is, and his curate met the parents for the first time at the grave-side of their daughter.

Yours, etc.,

DUDLEY BUCKLE.

THE KAISER'S KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 July 1915.

SIR,—In reference to the great victory of General Botha in South Africa, it may be interesting to mention, as an instance of how the Kaiser inherits his grandmother's knowledge of men, a circumstance probably known to few. On 20 July 1890 the annual festival of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, East Grinstead, took place, and Bishop Smythies, the Bishop of Central Africa (now Zanzibar), was the preacher. After luncheon he asked me to interview him for a paper with which I was then connected. I said, "What about?" He said, "I am going direct from here to Potsdam to stay with the German Emperor. He wants me to tell him about the condition and prospects of his new territory in German East Africa. I am sorry the Universities' Mission will be in his territory." Now, the point to be observed is this. Bishop Smythies was far the ablest of the African Bishops as a statesman, but he was probably known to few English statesmen—except perhaps to such Churchmen as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—yet the Kaiser knew well where to go for first-rate information. It reminds one of Lord Malmesbury's astonishment, when Foreign Secretary, at Queen Victoria's correcting him as to the name of some subordinate Minister at a foreign court, when she said: "Oh, no; he was only head clerk, and a very able one too, under So-and-So". Bishop Smythies' desire not to come to too close quarters with the Kaiser a quarter of a century ago has been justified by the fact that most of the members of the Universities' Mission have been for some time his prisoners.

Yours truly,

ERNEST J. A. FITZROY.

THE "ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14, Coppice Drive, Harrogate,

14 July 1915.

SIR,—In your issue of 10 July you pay tribute to the bravery of the captain of the "Anglo-Californian" and of his son. Their song of honour was written many years ago, as some of your readers will remember, by Walt Whitman in the familiar poem, "O Captain! My Captain!" May I quote the last verse and a half?

"Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

"Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Whether of the two things is the more splendid—the
universalism of courage or the universalism of poetry?

Yours truly,
H. L. HAYNES.

NECESSITOUS LADIES' FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

48, Upper Berkeley Street, London, W.

SIR,—You have been so good before as to give me a little
space in the SATURDAY REVIEW to appeal for contributions
towards the Necessitous Ladies' Fund.

This summer many poor ladies of the educated classes,
among whom are governesses too old or too ill to work;
musicians, actresses, secretaries, and typists unable to get an
engagement; and hospital nurses broken down with fatigue,
are suffering privation, owing, directly and indirectly, to the
awful war that is raging.

May I then again ask of your readers that they will hold
out the hand of charity to these distressed ladies, in whose
cause I am working? Any contributions will be most grate-
fully received and distributed, if sent to me at above address.

Yours faithfully,
CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

THE SUMMER GARDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood, Woodham, Woking.

SIR,—In these days of storm and stress few have time or
inclination to sit idle, but perhaps the "old folks" may be
forgiven if now and again in these summer months they
seek a quiet corner in some old garden and dream of what
"Punch" calls "the good old days when the world was
happy".

I suppose there are few people who own a garden, how-
ever small, that do not in their innermost hearts feel abso-
lutely convinced that for sheer beauty, interest, and delight
it must far surpass even the Garden of Eden. Chaucer
seems to have been somewhat of that mind when he wrote:

"May had painted with his soft showers
This garden full of leaves and of flowres:
And craft of mannis hand so curiously
Arrayed had this garden trewely
That never was there garden of such price
But if it were the very Paradise."

For my own part, having as a child (in the good old
Victorian days) been given Doré's illustrations of the "Para-
dise Lost" to look at as the weekly "Sunday treat", I have
never lost the idea that the so-called "garden" was much
more in the nature of a tangled wilderness, in which two
chilly-looking persons had permanently lost their way, and
in which a watchful snake with a somewhat human expres-
sion of countenance lurked unpleasantly near; whereas in
one's own—one's very own—six-foot-square of garden no
such monster existed, and it was, in anticipation at least,
ever bright with many-coloured flowers.

In my garden to-day, as I write under an old apple tree
in which a pair of water-wagtails have made their nest,
there seems indeed to be no serpent, although he may well
be represented to the wagtails by the sinister presence of the
black Persian, whose stealthy tread has already caused the
blackbird to change his liquid low note of content into that
angry "quick-quick" by which he calls for help to a self-
centred world that heeds him not.

Last night the sun set in a flame of dusky orange behind
the branched tracery of the pine trees, whilst the "darkling
wood" was lit with shadowed rays almost as though a fine
gold dust were falling from the upper air; the trimmed

hedges of holly and privet struck a note of order and
restraint where the luxuriant Bourbon roses lifted their
bunches of bright coral-pink against the sombre back-
ground of pine trees, and tall groups of delphiniums, from
royal purple to palest blue, guarded, sentinel-like, the old
gray sundial; in the twilight some tall white foxgloves near
the little green wicket-gate were bending before a gentle
breeze from the South, and as the dusk fell they almost
seemed to flit from place to place like wandering ghosts. . . .
The last twittering note of the robins had ceased—no sound
but the soft hooting of an owl came from the silent woods; all
was still and spoke of peace, when suddenly from far above
the tallest pines came the angry whirling hum of an aero-
plane, bringing one back to the stern realities that face us
to-day, and reminding us—if reminder were needed—that the
"old serpent" of hate and discord is still at work, destroying
our sheltered peace, and making it sometimes hard to
realise the truth of the words engraved on the old sundial:

"Time . flies . Suns . rise . and . Shadows . fall.
Let . it . go . by . Lo . Love . is . for . Ever . over . all."

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

CHEESE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Spectacle Makers' Company, E.C.,

10 July 1915.

SIR,—May I beg the publication of the enclosed memo-
randa, concerning an Irish industry apparently in its infancy,
but of which the possibilities are great, seeing the excellence
of Irish pastures and agricultural opportunities. Cheese is a
staple article of food in extensive and increasing demand in
these islands.

Your obedient servant,
J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction,
Dublin,
1 July 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Gill has received from Mr. John
Redmond your enquiry as to the manufacture of cheese
in Ireland. Sir Edward Carson and Sir Horace Plunkett
have also referred to him similar enquiries which you
addressed to them. In reply, Mr. Gill desires me to send
you the accompanying memorandum containing particulars
as to the extent to which cheese is made in Ireland at the
present date; the factories engaged in the industry; and the
quantity and value of the cheese exported and imported
during the ten years ended 1913.

Yours faithfully,
M. DEEGAN.

To J. Landfear Lucas, Esq.

CHEESEMAKING IN IRELAND.

Cheesemaking has been carried on in Ireland to a
small extent since 1891. As a result of experiments
carried out by the Department in the years 1900-1904 at
Liscarroll, Co. Cork, two firms took up cheesemaking, and
have continued it since. The type of cheese made, however,
took too long to mature, and involved the locking-up of
capital for about three months. This did not appeal to the
majority of farmers or creamery proprietors, and the manu-
facture did not spread. In 1909 the Department introduced
the manufacture of Caerphilly cheese, which matures
quickly, and thus ensures quick returns. Since then several
creameries have taken up cheesemaking, and a number of
others have the matter under consideration.

The output of cheese in Ireland for the last three years
was as follows:—

					Cwts.
1912	4,801
1913	8,995
1914	11,084

The cheese is mainly Caerphilly, but Cheddar Truckles
and Derby are also made.

REVIEWS.

PLEASURE'S RHETORICIAN.

"*Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám: A Variorum Edition of Edward FitzGerald's Renderings into English Verse.*" Edited by Frederick H. Evans. Privately Printed. 10s. 6d. net.

THE popularity of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám is the popularity of hedonism. This world is a very terrible place for uncompromising altruists, but so grand and disturbing is the rhetoric of pure love that those who make their appetites their rulers and guides are often in need of a protective music to save themselves from the agonies of conversion. "Begone, dull care", to the care-kicking tune of "The Queen's Jig", is potent to give your rural hedonist a good night under the table; but the "Rubáiyát" of Omar is strong enough to be the base of a philosophy. This is not to say that the Tent-maker has not his "don't care mood", lacking inspiration save for the renouncer of conscience; for it is he who, in his 69th quatrain, as presented by Mr. John Payne, declares that—

"what morn of the yesternight's tipples I die,
'Wine and wench!' and 'Go hang hell and heav'n!'
I shall cry".

But there is an Omar who has boldly conceived of God as a capricious humourist, Who, by timely reminder of His own pranks, may be prevented from successfully posing as a judge. Into this Omar's mouth FitzGerald put the immortal words (omitted from his second, third and fourth editions) which bid us to leave the Wise to wrangle—

"And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee."

If anyone should prate of Divine Love, this masterful scoffer is ready for him, saying (we again quote Mr. Payne)—

"How comes it He, who framed the cup for His delight
To break His handiwork should after hold it right?"

Handiwork! That is Omar's conception of man. Man is God's handiwork; his birth and death make as little effect on the universe as a pebble cast into a sea; his goal is Nothing. Sin is to FitzGerald's Omar but a pigment smeared by God upon man's face.

Trill of nightingale, scent of rose, amorous eyelight of one beside the poet in the wilderness, do not prevent him from pondering one immitigably sombre fact: the withered never bloom again. But there is a Now, and a divine fountain accessible by men; and FitzGerald's Omar wonders

"often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell."

Drink wine, for to-morrow you die, is, in effect, all Omar has to teach one after he has anaesthetised our fretful nerves of righteousness; and through Mr. Payne's mouth he delivers this counsel with a persuasiveness worthy to inebriate a king:

"Wine drink at their hands who are drunk with the infinite."

There is magic in an anaesthetic, and it is easy for a sceptic to feel that he is in truth but a pawn "upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days" as he reads FitzGerald's version of the "Rubáiyát"—a version which infuriates the conscientious translator and delights the lover of poetry.

For our part we welcome this conveniently-arranged variorum edition of FitzGerald's renderings on simple poetic grounds, without professing a minute curiosity in differences of verbal expression. When we say that, of the first four editions prepared by FitzGerald, the first has one quatrain peculiar to itself, the second nine, and that no fewer than thirty-four quatrains were added after the first edition had appeared, the value of Mr. Evans's labours will be sufficiently apparent. Even a reader ignorant of the original can perceive, by comparing the editions, the extraordinary liberty indulged in by FitzGerald as a translator. For instance, in the first edition, we have this quatrain:

"Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if To-DAY be sweet!"

In the fourth edition the quatrain is thus lamentably refashioned:

"Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday."

It must be remembered, in fairness to FitzGerald, that there was no received text of Omar Khayyám when he made his versions. Many quatrains have a variety of readings, and it is difficult to assert where Omar is present or absent in the large number of quatrains which derive more or less deserved—sometimes undeserved—immortality from Omar's fame. Moreover, the indictment of FitzGerald as a misrepresenter of the original "Rubáiyát" has been so scathingly pronounced by Mr. John Payne that a fresh attack on FitzGerald's interpretative method would be superfluous, and the majority of those who read through the 845 quatrains of the unabridged "Rubáiyát" will acknowledge that, without the assistance of the poetic, fastidious, epigrammatic FitzGerald, "he who charmed the wise at Naishápúr" might be merely a figure outlined on mist to London readers. FitzGerald's Omar has a voice which charms, calms, ennobles. A sybarite, listening to it as he lolls upon a sofa, may rhetorically acquire composure in presence of ideas that were wont to affright or degrade him. Nay, he may even gently burn with pride. For though a Joanna Southcott, imagining that she disputes seven days with Satan, is not in reality more absurd than a man engaged in taunting and accusing a god of man's conception, the man's performance does not lack a certain heroism. And for heroism even cowards have a secret passion, the consciousness of cowardice being the most dismal of all secrets.

It will be seen that we do not regard the "Rubáiyát" as pabulum for a sincere, hard-thinking intellect; but the grace and beauty of the poem rejuvenated by FitzGerald appeal persuasively to both ear and eye. And though "the brave music of a distant drum" is not the inspiration of a patriot, all human critics must vibrate with sympathy in hearkening to the deeps of experience, feeling, and resignation which speak to the soul from this twelfth-century poem.

THE ENGLAND OF LONG AGO.

"Field Archæology as Illustrated by Hampshire." By J. P. Williams-Freeman. Macmillan. 15s. net.

NOW and then—not often—a place book written by no scampering book maker in haste to complete his literary commission, but by an expert truly who knows the ground, may come by chance into the hands of a reviewer who through long intimacy should know that ground still better; and then the test is searching, and the odds are likely enough to be against the expert in various matters. This book is an instance in point. The writer of it can certainly claim, through residence and study, to be an expert on the roads, downs, valleys, woods and streams he treats of; and, as it happens, the reviewer might claim a lengthier residence and an older intimacy with these same natural features, especially with a number of the particular local features which the author lives among and describes. But the book stands the test easily enough; and, further, brings to the notice of the present reviewer various natural features which have hitherto escaped his notice. It well illustrates the fact that one may have lived in and affectionately studied for many years even quite a small district, a matter perhaps of only a few square miles, and yet have overlooked completely a landmark here—such as a round "barrow" or portion of an ancient dyke or boundary—a natural feature there, such as a spring or the exceptional head-waters of some little winterbourne. Mr. Williams-Freeman is a born local map-maker, and he

has the eye for "the lie of the land", which appears to be a singular gift in a small minority of country men—one of the natural geologists indeed. He is an archæologist, but in travelling about the country and in prying out for buried Rome and for the "camps" and kitchen middens and flaked flints smooth and rough of an age thousands and tens of thousands of years before Rome—for both are buried in North Hampshire—he discovers many things that do not relate properly to archæology. Sometimes he discovers a very pleasant anecdote uncommonly well invented by some local raconteur if not strictly based on fact; as, for instance, the story of the ardent angler who came one day to Cholderton village to examine the rectory which had been offered him as a Fellow of Oriel. He saw to his joy a clear, beautiful chalk stream flowing through the garden, and accepted the living. But the stream, alas, was a winterbourne or nailbourne, which is not good from a trout-fisher's point of view. How often has the writer of this notice stood on the little stone bridges in the land Mr. Williams-Freeman has made his own and regretted the intermittent habit of these beautiful and exquisitely clear little bournes! They look as if they *must* hold trout, and one has often seen them looking so not only in February, when the Fellow of Oriel was deceived, but even in late May and early June, when they look as if they must hold Mayfly too.

Mr. Williams-Freeman roams all over Hampshire. He knows the red gravel beds by Kimbridge, in which are stored the flints of the very old Stone Age man, which, if one remembers aright, Dr. Stevens, of the Reading Museum, found near St. Mary Bourne with the mammoth's molar; he has studied the sarcen stones, which lie scattered here and there in other places besides the great Plain where they are such familiar objects; and he traces the Roman roads, and visits the barrows or tumuli, long and round, and makes an inventory of their mysterious contents. He has written a deeply interesting book, for he can write as well as explore. No place book of the kind—though this is more than a place book—has interested the reviewer so much since he first read Stevens's "History of St. Mary Bourne". Hampshire folk, north and south, should read it, and others outside the county should be not less interested in some of its chapters. But even Mr. Williams-Freeman here and there can travel about and overlook a barrow or a dyke or entrenchment. Thus the present reviewer, missing many things which the author has seen and recorded, has seen one or two things which the author has somehow missed; for instance, a barrow rich in a strange medley of pure Roman plates and pottery and rough pottery and other relics of a far remoter age. The exploration of Rome in Britain and of the Stone and Bronze Ages, compared with which Rome was but of yesterday, is after all only in its infancy. Some day in the far future, who knows, this study of ancient life in Hampshire may become a serious public pursuit instead of, as it is to-day, a private hobby.

A FLEMISH WRITER.

"The Path of Life." By Stijn Streuvels. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.

A GOOD deal might, we think, be written on the unwisdom of prefaces. Whatever the merits of M. Streuvels' work, they are likely to be somewhat obscured by the comments made on them in the translator's prefatory notes. The author, we are told, is not only the leading writer in the West Flemish dialect, but also "the greatest living writer of imaginative prose in any land or language". It is not much use to argue about such a claim as this. It is no function of criticism to decide which is the best book, or what are the hundred best books, in our own or any other age. We cannot select their writers as though they were cricketers for a test-match. All that sort of thing is much too suggestive of a prize competition, and on general grounds one might do no more than

shrug one's shoulders at M. de Mattos and his superlatives. The truth of his assertion does not leap to the eyes as we read "The Path of Life" in English.

On the other hand, this volume of sketches and stories makes it plain that M. Streuvels is a writer of exceptional sensibility, who has also a powerful grasp of the realities of life. In his tales of humble men and women he neither shrinks from nor gloats over the crude and sometimes brutal facts of their existence. There are some ugly passages about the killing of some rabbits for a feast on the day of a young girl's first communion, but he makes everything sweet again in a few moments. The peasants and their children think no more of it. Presently they will turn their attention to the meal for which they have made preparation, and for the girl there is nothing worth thought except the mystery in which she is to take part. M. Streuvels escapes the lure of symbolism when it would lead him astray in his narrative of natural incidents, but he knows how wondrously imagination can colour the lives of those who live simply. Of children he seems to have a natural understanding. His peasants are wholly without literary affectation. The longest story in the book appears to be the best example of the author's work, but some of the shorter ones were, perhaps, too delicate to stand the strain of a passage into a language foreign to their spirit. As M. de Mattos says, their flavour may be very near the knuckle.

Those Belgian writers who have chosen to use Flemish instead of French as the language of their books can only expect full appreciation from a strictly limited circle of readers, and it may sometimes be doubted whether they are doing the best service to the race to which they belong. Verhaeren, the national poet, would have stultified himself had he belonged to their band, but his work has been patriotic in the broadest sense. He has not only done honour to his native land, but he has also, by writing in French, brought its spirit as a new wealth into one of the greatest literatures of the world. M. Streuvels' position is, however, very different. His studies may almost be described as studies in still life. His peasants and his children neither in their thoughts nor acts range beyond the limits of his "little language", and for their needs, indeed, it has peculiar riches. The Flemish literary movement, founded as it was on memories of a glorious past, must not be condemned to-day merely because in its later stages it has occasionally been used to further the most despicable political objects. Its origin was honourable; and M. Streuvels' work shows that the old language of Flanders can, within certain well-defined bounds, be used to admirable purpose. Only a little good sense is needed to show Belgian writers exactly where those bounds are set.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRIVIAL.

"Maria Again." By Mrs. John Lane. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

MRS. JOHN LANE is one of the most brilliant of our modern social satirists. Few people can skim more gracefully over the surface of life or depict with so light and delicate a touch the graceful and disgraceful follies of the present age. Maria is a type which has always existed and probably will always exist, although at the present time, when our thoughts are concentrated on realities, she does well to keep in the background. The war may obscure her, but it will not kill her. Satirists of all ages have made her their butt, but she is of the kind that no ridicule can kill. Mr. Henry Jones caught her admirably in his recent play, "Mary goes First". Mrs. Lane with a hand no less deft, if less sardonic, manages to extract from her the maximum of humour. Maria is the symbol of the eternal sham. She is the epitome of the smart, pseudo-fashionable, up-to-date woman—for her these detestable terms were made, and her they most admirably fit. A year ago she might be seen in any restaurant where the gay and

gilded congregated, a feverish and a little over-dressed follower of every folly of the day. Vain, shallow, heartless, and selfish, yet with a certain natural shrewdness, life to her was only endurable if she was "in the swim", or if she appeared to others to be "in the swim". For to her the opinion of others came first. Eternally posing and pirouetting, she did things not because she wanted to do them, but because she thought them the "smart" thing to do. Her one horror was lest she should be suspected of being what she was—thoroughly middle-class.

In less skilful hands Maria might easily become tedious. But Mrs. Lane writes about her in such an engaging fashion and with such a delightful air of candour that we are pleasantly titillated and amused. Incidentally, she succeeds in getting in many sly hits at our social follies, and gives us some clever caricature—portraits of types we constantly recognise by the fidelity with which little tricks and traits are rendered.

The humour of Maria lies in her lack of humour. For her the trivialities of life are things of deadly import. She hates opera, but still she must be in evidence, and she recognises Wagner by the fact that the band "makes an awful noise and the lights are put out". Her friends are divided into two classes—those who keep motor-cars and those who do not, and only the former are worth cultivating. She goes to see Shakespeare, but she would far rather be at a cinematograph theatre. Occasionally she says a happy thing, as when she declares that what keeps women young nowadays is their feet, and when she describes a would-be brilliant dinner party as brilliantine. Besides the fear of being regarded as middle-class, Maria had one other terror—middle-age. When at last she is forced to face the issue we have a glimpse of a return to domesticity. Maria decides one afternoon to call for her grocer husband Samuel, and take him out to tea at the Carlton. The many Marias of the world, if they recognise themselves in this book, which is doubtful, for their self-complacency is boundless, must hate Mrs. Lane for what they must regard as a case of indecent exposure.

AT HOME IN THE BALKANS.

"The War and the Balkans." By Noel Buxton, M.P., and Charles Roden Buxton. George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

THE authors of this book have made their second home among the Balkan States. Its ruling quality is a chatty crispness full of current facts. The eleven chapters are very short and rich, like projects for great dramas humoured into sketched scenes by excellent playwrights. Nothing is omitted that a British elector ought to know; and we hope that writers of leading articles will allow their discursive trips through the Balkans to be ordered and shortened by this guide-book. In every chapter there is a short cut through social problems and national aims and rivalries. We learn what each Balkan State is thinking about to-day, while the Allied fleets and armies fight for the Dardanelles; and the pages are so true in their sympathy that the Press Bureau will not be startled by their candid utility. Each State has an attraction of her own; but the militant democracy in Serbia is at present the Jeanne d'Arc of the Balkans. Recently the Buxtons were present at a meeting of the Serbian Parliament or Skupshtina which met at Nish in a concert hall attached to a café. The deputies sat close together on rows of small wicker chairs facing the president. "On his right along the wall sat the eight members of the new Cabinet which had just been formed, with a green baize table before them lit by two candles. The Government represented a coalition of all parties, symbolising the unity which prevailed in the political world". M. Pasich, the Premier, and the most noteworthy figure in Serbian politics, then rose. "His long grey beard and somewhat threadbare frock coat made him a striking figure as he stood

and read by the dim candle light his momentous declaration. The core of it was the recurring statement that Serbia was fighting not only for the Serbs, but for the Croats and the Slovenes also. Serbia, in a word, stood forth for the first time distinctly and without equivocation as the champion not merely of the greater Serbia but of the Southern Slavs as a whole, or, as the phrase is, 'Ugoslavia'. By this term is meant Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the Slovene districts of the Austrian provinces".

There are other pictures of this useful sort with which to chasten our British attitude to the Great War.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The World in the Crucible." By Sir Gilbert Parker. Murray. 6s. net.

Sir Gilbert Parker begins his book with a historical discussion of the causes and events which led to the war. His history is nowhere marred with recrimination or bias. That Sir Gilbert Parker feels strongly in certain matters is clear to those who can read his private opinions between the lines; but he seems to have decided that this is no time for controversy. His record is throughout faithful and clear. Most of the ground has already been covered—the diplomatic ground and the discussions of Germany's policy, spirit, and conduct of the war. But in Sir Gilbert Parker's book the early chapters may be regarded as no more than a preface to his moving and eloquent celebration of the new manhood of England. His chapter upon the English soldier of to-day has the appeal of true eloquence. The author communicates to us his love and pride in these splendid men. Naturally, too, we find in this chapter a clear sense of what the war must necessarily mean to the Empire. This is a part only of what it must mean for us all. Essential things will tend to be regarded, and the thousand small matters in which we have hitherto allowed ourselves to be enmeshed will be put into their correct relations. The sincere feeling which gives a drive and perspicacity to the whole of this book of Sir Gilbert Parker takes him high and far in these final pages.

"The Early Years of Edward III." By Dorothy Hughes. University of London Press and Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.

Miss Hughes's monograph, founded on research at the Record Office, deals with a troubled and not particularly glorious period of English history. King Edward's claim to the French throne was only matched for absurdity by King Philip's subsequent claim to the Duchy of Brittany. England's naval supremacy was as usual proved at Sluys, but the campaign in Flanders moved more slowly than surely. In the subsequent hunt for scapegoats the King dismissed his ministers and sent them for trial, whilst Parliament stood firm for complete control of taxation and ministerial responsibility. Edward, to get supplies, gave way on these points, but, when great victories finally graced his arms, he forgot all his constitutional promises. It is curious to reflect that it took the best part of the seventeenth century to produce a state of affairs which but for Crecy and Poitiers might have stood complete three hundred years earlier. Miss Hughes's book is a sound example of the good work being done in the history schools of the London University.

We have received from Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley a descriptive schedule of the *Worth Park Estate*, which is being offered by auction to purchasers in September. The format and arrangement of this volume, with its clearly printed views of old Sussex houses and farms, makes it a pleasant enough book to turn over for its own sake. As a technical document it may well serve as a model how such things should be done. The summaries and descriptions are concise and clear; and the generous spacing and quality of the printing give to it an appearance in keeping with the importance of the transaction of which it advises the public.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Arnold, Lilian, *The Enchanting Distance*. Long. 6s.
Bishop of Oxford, *Property*. Macmillan. 5s. net.
Dall, W. H., *Spencer Fullerton Baird*. Lippincott. 15s. net.
Dewar, G. A. B., *Dreams*. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
Hare, C., *Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance*. Paul. 12s. 6d.
Harrison, F., *The German Peril*. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
Macnaghten, S., *Some Elderly People and their Young Friends*. Smith, Elder. 6s.
Parsons, S., *The Art of Landscape Architecture*. Putnam. 15s. net.
Peel, Mrs. C. S., *Learning to Cook*. Constable. 3s. 6d.
Rose, F. H., *Golden Glory*. Hodder. 6s.
Triana, S. P., *Some Aspects of the War*. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Widdemer, M., *The Rose Garden Husband*. Hodder. 6s.
Williams, H. S. and E. H., *Modern Warfare*. Richards. 6s. net.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The University of London is about to appoint a Principal Officer at a salary of £2,000 a year. Those who are desirous that their names should be considered are invited to communicate with the Secretary to the Senate, from whom particulars can be obtained.

Testimonials are not required, and canvassing any Member of the Senate is prohibited.

Names should reach the University not later than Wednesday, September 15th, 1915.

PERCY M. WALLACE,
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STONEHENGE.

Stonehenge is to be included in the sale of the Amesbury Abbey Estate which extends to 6,420 acres. This Historical Monument is allotted separately with sufficient land to afford adequate protection, and it is scheduled under the Ancient Monuments Consolidation and Amendment Act, 1913. The Sale will be held on September 21st next at Salisbury by MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, of 20 Hanover Square, London, W., from whom particulars may be obtained.

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THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

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BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the British Electric Traction Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at the Holborn Restaurant, Holborn, London, W.C., for the purpose of considering, and if thought fit, passing extraordinary resolutions providing for the writing down of the capital of the company and its rearrangement into two classes of stock. Mr. Emile Garcke (chairman of the company) presided.

In moving the resolutions, the Chairman briefly outlined the scheme. The assets of the company stood in the books at £5,056,000, and the proposition was to write off £908,000. The debenture stocks were not affected by the scheme, while the capital of the preference stocks was not to be reduced, but to be rearranged. The reduction of capital fell entirely on the ordinary stocks—50 per cent. was written off the preferred ordinary and 70 per cent. off the deferred ordinary. As to the income certificates, it was proposed to exchange those for 35 per cent. of their nominal amount of capital stock. It was then proposed to convert the four classes of stock and the income certificates into two classes, preference and ordinary. As a result of the reduction of capital it was hoped that the ordinary stock would at once become dividend yielding, a fact which would also advantage the holders of the new preference stock as the market value would improve. The holders of the existing 6 per cent. preference stock would receive an amount of new preference stock equal to the present holding, while the 7 per cent. non-cumulative stockholders would receive 35 per cent. of their holdings, and the holders of income certificates 10 per cent. of their holdings in the new preference stock. As to the new ordinary stock, the 7 per cent. non-cumulative preference stockholders would receive 65 per cent. of their holdings, the preferred ordinary stockholders 50 per cent. of their holdings, the deferred ordinary stockholders 30 per cent. of their holdings, and the holders of the income certificates 25 per cent. of their holdings. A few stockholders did not consider that the scheme was satisfactory from the point of view of one or other of the separate classes, but they had to consider the subject in its broad aspects. Last July he explained that unless they reduced the capital it would be impossible to pay substantially increased dividends, and he also pointed out then why a simple reduction applied equally to the four classes of stock would not meet the case. There was no doubt, also, as to the advisability of dealing with the matter at once rather than postpone it. For some years to come all industrial companies would be confronted by exceptional difficulties, and it would be a great advantage to the company and to its stockholders if profits become available for dividend or to strengthen the credit of the company. If they wrote off the lost capital, the new profits would appear as so much to the good and at a time when everyone would be more in need of profit than before. To be on the safe side the Board had recommended them to write off £900,000. The market depreciation of their capital stocks, it was true, was about £2,000,000, but that market depreciation was the result of two factors—depreciation in the value of their investments and insufficiency of profits. By enabling the company to pay dividends on the reduced capital they would, in due course, recover that part of the market depreciation which was due to their not paying adequate dividends on the existing capital. As dividends increased they hoped, in time, to remove the whole of the market depreciation. At the moment it was difficult to look into the future, otherwise he would have no hesitation in promising a complete recovery of their loss to those shareholders who were courageous enough to increase commensurately their holdings in the company at the low prices now prevailing.

After some discussion, in the course of which Mr. Bennett objected to the scheme as unduly favouring the junior securities at the expense of the preference stocks, the resolutions were carried by the necessary majority.

MOLASSINE CO.

THE annual general meeting of the Molassine Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at the offices of the company, Tunnel Avenue, East Greenwich, S.E., Mr. John Prosser (managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said: We are naturally disappointed at the result of the year's trading. A year ago we entered into contracts for the supply of raw materials at exceptionally low prices, and in the ordinary way should have had a most profitable year. Unfortunately the war came upon us with great suddenness, and all our hopes were dashed to pieces. Our supplies were cut off, and it has been with great difficulty we have been able to do the amount of business we have. So that although the profits are small, the result is even better than could have been anticipated last August. When war was declared we took all necessary steps to go through the crisis on the best conditions possible, by economising in every direction, and we see no reason why we should not go through the period of the war without the company's interests being any further endangered. It has been a great disappointment to us, after working up for some years a good connection for Molassine Meal in Canada and America, and with complete organisations in those countries, that we have been compelled, for the present, to stop shipment. The meal is, however, popular, and from the enquiries now being made we are of opinion that when we can resume shipments, we shall still benefit by the goodwill created. We have had a very large demand in this country for Molassine Meal, but unfortunately, for reasons already explained, we have not been able to supply to the full extent. We have every reason to believe that when the War is over and we are able to resume business on normal lines, that the company will have a successful future. A number of our men

have enlisted, and we are adapting ourselves to the changed situation.

The Rev. W. H. Kelshaw, in seconding the motion, said he wished to express, not only on his own behalf, but on behalf of several of his friends, their appreciation of the efforts of the directors in the trying times through which they were passing. He did not think the position of the directors was appreciated to the extent that it ought to be. In his opinion the history of the company would bear the closest examination, and, speaking as an original shareholder, he did not think there was much to grumble at, as since the company commenced operations 8 years ago they had received more than 5 per cent. on the money they had then invested. He thought that if the shareholders would give the directors their confidence and have a little patience the outlook for the company was very hopeful.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated.

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